HUDIBRAS.

THE Third and Last PART.

Written by the AUTHOR OF THE FIRST and SECOND PARTS.

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Horne*, at the South Entrance of the *Royal Exchange*, MDCXCIV.

Licensed and Entred according to the Act of Parliament for Printing.

HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Last Part.

The ARGUMENT of the First CANTO of the Third Part.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce.
They both approach the Ladies Bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woo her.
She treats them with a Masquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made;
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him, from himself, by Night.

CANTO I.

'TIS true, no Lover has that Pow'r
T' enforce a desperate Amour,
As he that has two *Strings* to's *Bow*,
And burns for *Love* and *Money* too:
For then he's Brave and Resolute,
Disdains to render in his Suit,

Has all his *Flames* and *Raptures* double,
And *Hopes* or *dreams* with half the trouble
While those who fillily pursue
The Simple downright way and true,

Make as unlucky Applications,
And fear against the stream their Passions.
Some forge their *Mistresses* of *Stars*;
And when the Ladies prove averse,
And more untoward to be won,
Then by *Caligula* the *Moon*,
Cry out upon the Stars for doing
Ill Offices, to crosse their *wooing*:
When only by themselves they're hindred,
For trusting *those they made her Kindred*:

And still the farther and hide-bounder
The Damsels prove, become the fonder.
For what mad Lover ever dy'd,
To gain a soft and gentle *Bride*?
Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
In *purling Streams* or *Hemp* departed?

Leap'd headlong into *Elysium*,
Through the Windows of a *dazling Room*?
But for some crois ill-natur'd Dame,
The am'rous Fly burnt in his *flame*.
This to the *Knight* could be no *News*,
With all Mankind so much in use;
Who therefore took the wiser course,
To make the most of his *Amours*,
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,
As follows in due *Time* and *Place*.

No sooner was the bloody Fight
Between the *Wizard* and the *Knight*,
With all th' Appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t' a *Lover*:
As he was always wont to doe
When h' had discomfited a Foe,
And us'd the only *Antick Philters*
Deriv'd from old *Heroick Tilters*.

But now Triumphant and Victorious,
He held th' Atchievement was too glorious
For such a Conqueror, to meddle
With *Petty Constable*, or *Beadle*;
Or fly for Refuge to the *Hostess*
Of th' Inns of Court and Chanc'ry, *Justice*;
Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cause
To th' *Ordeal Tryal* of the Laws;
Where none escape, but such as branded
With red-hot Irons have past *bare handed*;
And if they cannot read one *Verse*
I' th' Psalms, must sing it; and that's worse.
He therefore, judging it below him,
To tempt a shame the *Devil might owe him*,
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for *Bail*
And *Mainprize* for him, to the *Gaol*,
To answer, with his Vessel, all
That might disastrously befall.
He thought it now the fittest juncture,
To give the Lady a Rencounter;

T' ac-

T' acquaint her with his Expedition,
And Conqueſt o'er the *fierce Magician*;
Deſcribe the Manner of the Fray,
And ſhew the Spoils he brought away;
His bloody *Scourging* aggravate
The number of the Blows and Weight;
All which might probably ſucceed,
And gain belief h' had done the deed.
Which he reſolv'd t' enforce, and ſpare
No pawning of his Soul to ſwear;
But, rather than produce his Back;
To ſet his Conſcience on the Rack;
And, in purſuance of his urging
Of Articles perform'd, and ſcourging,
And all things elſe upon his part,
Demand delivery of her Heart,
Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,
And Perſon, up to his embraces.

Thought he, the ancient *Errant Knights*
Won all their Ladies Hearts in *Fights*,
And cut whole Gyants into fitters,
To put them into amorous twitters;
Whose ſtubborn Bowels ſcorn'd to yield
Until their *Gallants* were half kill'd:
But when their Bones were drubb'd ſo ſore
They durſt not *woge one Combat* more,
The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt.
So *Spaniſh Heroes* with their Lances,
At once wound *Bulls* and *Ladies Fancies*;
And he acquires the nobleſt Spouſe
That Widow's greateſt Herds of Cows.
Then what may I expect to do,
Wh' have quell'd ſo vaſt a *Buffalo*?

Mean while the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's *late Orders* to obey;

Who sent him for a *strong Detachment*
Of *Beadles, Constables,* and *Watchmen,*
T' attack the *Cunning-man* for Plunder
Committed falsly on his Lumber,
When he, who had so lately sack'd
The Enemy had done the Fact,
Had rifled all his Pokes and Fobs
Of *Gimcracks, Whims* and *Jiggumbobs,*
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own Inventions feather'd;
And when they should, at *Gaol-delivery,*
Unriddle one another's Thievery,
Both might have evidence enough
To render neither halter-proof.
He thought it desperate to tarry,
And venture to be *accessary*;
But rather wisely slip his Fetters,
And leave them for the *Knight,* his *Betters.*
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,

To make him curry his own Hide,
Which no Beast ever did beside,
Without all possible evasion,
But of the *Riding Dispensation*.
And therefore much about the hour,
The Knight (for reasons told before)
Resolv'd to leave him to the Fury
O *Justice*, and an *unpack'd Jury*.
The *Squire* concurr'd t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim;
T' acquaint the *Lady* what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What *Project* 'twas he went about,
When *Sidrophel* and he fell out;
His firm and stedfast Resolution,
To swear her to an *Execution*:
To pawn his inward Ears to marry her,
And bribe the Devil himself to carry her,
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their *Party Saints* to represent,

Who

Who never fail'd, upon their sharing
In any prosperous *Arms-bearing*,
To lay themselves out, to supplant
Each other *Cousin-Germain Saint*.
But e'er the *Knight* could do his part,
The *Squire* had got so much the start,
H' had to the Lady done his Errand,
And told her all his Tricks afore-hand.
Just as he finish'd his Report,
The *Knight* alighted in the Court;
And having ty'd his Beast t' a Pale,
And taken time for both to stale,
He put his Band and Beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her;
And now began t' approach the Door;
When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' *Informer* out of sight,
And went to entertain the *Knight*.
With whom encountring *after Congees*,
Of *humble* and *submissive Congees*,

And

And all the Ceremonies paid,
He ſtroak'd his Beard, and thus he ſaid;
Madam, I do, as is my Duty,
Honour the Shadow of your Shooe-tye;
And now am come, to bring your Ear
A preſent you'll be glad to hear,
At leaſt I hope ſo. The thing's done,
Or may I never ſee the Sun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your Gentle Hand:
And that you'ld pleaſe to do your part,
As I have done mine to my ſmart.
With that he ſhrugg'd his ſturdy Back,
As if he felt his Shoulders ake.
But ſhe, who well enough knew what
(Before he ſpoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The Myſtery of what he mean'd;
And therefore wiſh'd him to expound
His dark expreſſions *leſs profound.*

Madam

Madam, quoth he, *I come to prove*
How much I've ſuffer'd for your Love,
Which (like your Votary) to win,
I have not ſpar'd my tatter'd skin:
And, for theſe meritorious Laſhes,
To claim your Favour and good Graces.
Quoth ſhe, *I do remember once*
I freed you from th' inchanted Sconce;
And that you promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your Back to th' good Behaviour,
And for my Sake and Service vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy Load,
And what 'twould bear i' a ſcruple prove,
As other Knights do oft make love.
Which whether you have done or no,
Concerns your ſelf, not me, to know.
But if you have, I ſhall confeſs,
T' are honeſter than I could gueſs.
Quoth he, *If you ſuſpect my troth,*
I cannot prove it but by Oath:

And, if you make a question on't,
I'll pawn my Soul, that I have don't.
And he that makes his Soul his Surety,
I think, does give the best security.
Quoth she, *Some say, the Soul's secure*
Against Distress and Forfeiture;
Is free from Action, and exempt
From Execution and Contempt;
And to be summon'd to appear
In th' other World, 's illegal here:
And therefore few make any account,
Int' what Incumbrances they run't.
For most Men carry things so even
Between this World, and Hell and Heaven,
Without the least offence to either,
They freely deal in all together;
And equally abhorr to quit
This world for both, or both for it.
And when they pawn and damn their Souls,
They are but Pris'ners on Paroles.

For

For that, quoth he, *'tis rational,*
They may be accomptable in all.
For when there is that intercourse
Between Divine and Humane Pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands Obedience every where;
When Penalties may be commuted
For Fines, or Ears, and Executed;
It follows, nothing binds so fast
As Souls in Pawn, and Mortgage past.
For Oaths are th' only Tests and Scales
Of Right and Wrong, and True and False;
And there's no other way to try
The Doubts of Law and Justice by.
Quoth she, *What is it you would Swear?*
There's no believing till I hear.
For till th' are understood, all Tales
(Like Nonsense) are not True, nor False.
Quoth he, *When I resolv'd t' obey*
What you commanded t'other day,

And

And to perform my Exercise,
(As Schools are wont) for your fair eyes;
T' avoid all Scruples in the Case,
I went to do't upon the Place.
But as the Castle is inchanted
By Sidrophel *the Witch, and haunted*
With evil Spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two;
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My Weapons by, and disarray,
I heard a formidable Noise
Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice,
That roar'd afar off, Dispatch and Strip,
I'm ready with th' Infernal Whip,
That shall devest thy Ribs of Skin,
To expiate thy lingring Sin.
Th' hast broke perfidiously thy Oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted Troth;
But spar'd thy Renegado Back,
Where th' hadst so great a Prize at Stake:

Which

Which now the Fates have order'd me
For Penance and Revenge to Flay,
Unless thou presently make haste.
Time is, Time was: and there it ceas'd.
With which, though startled, I confess,
Yet th' Horrour of the thing was less
Than th' other dismal apprehension
Of Interruption or Prevention.
And therefore snatching up the Rod,
I laid upon my Back a load,
Resolv'd to spare no Flesh and Blood,
To make my Word and Honour good.
Till tir'd, and taking Truce at length,
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,
I felt the Blows still ply'd as fast,
As if th' had been by Lovers plac'd
In Raptures of Platonick Lashing,
And chast Contemplative Bardashing.
When facing hastily about,
To stand upon my Guard and Scout,

I found th' Infernal Cunning-man,
And th' Under-witch, his Caliban,
With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward Quarters ſtorm'd.
In haſt I ſnatch'd my Weapon up,
And gave their Helliſh Rage a ſtop;
Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell
Courageouſly on Sidrophel:
Who now tranſform'd himſelf t' a Bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear:
When I as furiouſly preſt on,
My Weapon down his Throat to run,
Laid hold on him: but he broke looſe,
And turn'd himſelf into a Gooſe,
Div'd under Water, in a Pond,
To hide himſelf from being found.
In vain I ſought him, but as ſoon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd with equal Haſte and Rage,
His Under-Sorcerer t' engage.

But bravely scorning to defile
My Sword with feeble Blood and vile;
I judg'd it better from a Quick-
Set-Hedge to cut a knotted Stick,
With which I furiously laid on;
Till in a harsh and doleful tone
It roar'd, Oh hold for pity, Sir;
I am too great a Sufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, by a Witch;
But conjur'd int' a worse Caprich:
Who sends me out on many a Jaunt,
Old Houses in the Night to haunt,
For Opportunities t' improve
Designs of Thievery or Love;
With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat;
All Feats of Witches counterfeit;
Kill Pigs and Geese with poudred Glass;
And make it for Inchantments pass;
With Cow-itch meazle like a Leper,
And choak with Fumes of Guiny-Pepper;

Make Leachers and their Punks with Dewtry
Commit phantaſtical Adwowtry;
Bewitch Hermetick-men to run
Stark ſtaring mad with Manicon;
Believe Mechanick Virtuoſi
Can raiſe 'em Mountains in Potoſi;
And ſillier than the Antick Fools,
Take Treaſure for a Heap of Coals:
Seek out for Plants with Signatures,
To Quack of Univerſal Cures;
With Figures ground on Panes of Glaſs,
Make People on their Heads to paſs;
And mighty heaps of Coyn increaſe,
Reflected from a ſingle piece:
To draw in Fools, whoſe nat'ral Itches
Incline perpetually to Witches;
And keep me in continual Fears,
And Danger of my Neck and Ears:
When leſs Delinquent have been ſcourg'd,
And Hemp on wooden Anvils forg'd,

Which

Which others for Cravats have worn
About their Necks, and took a Turn.
I pity'd the ſad Puniſhment
The *wretched Caitiff* underwent,
And held my Drubbing of his Bones
Too great an Honour for *Paltrones*;
For Knights are bound to feel no Blows
From paltry and unequal Foes,
Who when they ſlaſh and cut to pieces,
Do all with civilleſt addreſſes:
Their Horſes never give a blow,
But when they make a Leg and Bow.
I therefore ſpar'd his Fleſh, and preſt him
About the Witch with many a Queſtion.
Quoth he, *For many Years he drove*
A kind of Broking-Trade in Love,
Employ'd in all th' Intrigues and Truſt
Of feeble Speculative Luſt;
Procurer to th' Extravagancy
And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy.

By those the Devil had forsook,
As things below him, to provoke.
But b'ing a Virtuoso, able
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his Talent most Adroit
For any Mystical Exploit;
As others of his Tribe had done,
And rais'd their Prizes Three to One.
For one predicting Pimp has th' Odds
Of Chauldrons of plain downright Bauds.
But as an Elf (the Devil's Valet)
Is not so slight a thing to get,
For those that do his business best,
In Hell are us'd the ruggedest;
Before so meriting a Person
Could get a Grant, but in Reversion,
He serv'd two Prentiships and longer
I' th' Myst'ry of a Lady-Monger.
For (as some write) A Witch's Ghost,
As soon as from the Body loos'd,

Becomes

Becomes a Puny-Imp it self,
And is another Witch's Elf.
He after searching far and near,
At length found one in Lancashire,
With whom he bargain'd before hand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd.
Since which he has plaid a thousand Feats,
And practis'd all Mechanick Cheats;
Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and Apes;
Which he has vary'd more than Witches,
Or Pharaoh's *Wizards could their Switches;*
And all with whom he has had to do,
Turn'd to as monstrous Figures too.
Witness my self, whom he has abus'd,
And to this beastly shape reduc'd,
By feeding me on Beans and Pease,
He crams in nasty Crevises,
And turns to Comfits by his Arts,
To make me relish for Deserts,

And one by one with Shame and Fear
Lick up the candid Pretender.
Beside——But as h' was running on,
To tell what other Feats h' had done,
The Lady ſtopt his full Career,
And told him, now 'twas time to hear
If half theſe things (ſaid ſhe) *be true,*
(*Th' are all* (quoth he) *I ſwear by you*)
Why then (ſaid ſhe) *that Sidrophel*
Has down'd himſelf to th' Pit of Hell;
Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag
And Hackney of a Lapland Hag,
In Queſt of you came hither Poſt,
Within an Hour (*I'm ſure*) *at moſt;*
Who told me all you ſweur and ſay,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd, that you came to him to know,
If you ſhould carry me or no:
And would have hir'd him and his imps,
To be your Match-makers and Pimps.

I' ingage

T' ingage the Devil on your side,
And steal (like Proserpine*) your Bride.*
But he disdaining to embrace
So filthy a Design and base,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him, like a Ruffin;
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before h' had time to mount his Guard;
And left him dead upon the Ground,
With many a Bruise and desperate Wound:
Swore you had broke and rob'd his House,
And stole his Talismanique Louse,
And all his Newfound Old Inventions;
With flat Felonious Intentions;
Which he could bring out, where he had,
And what he bought 'em for and paid;
His Flea, his Morpion, and Punese,
H' had gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect Minutes made,
By th' ablest Artists of the Trade;

Which

Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost;
And all together might amount
To many hundreds on account:
For which h' had got sufficient warrant
To seize the Malefactors Errant,
Without capacity of Bail,
But of a Cart's or Horse's Tail;
And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,
To serve for Pendulums to Watches;
Which modern Vertuoso's say,
Incline to hanging every way.
Besides he swore, and swore 'twas true,
That e're he went in Quest of you,
He set a Figure to discover
If you were fled to Rye *or* Dover;
And found it clear, that to betray
Your selves and me, you fled this way;
And that he was upon pursuit,
To take you somewhere here about.

He

He vow'd h' had had Intelligence
Of all that paſt before and ſince:
And found, that ere you came to him,
T' had been ingaging Life and Limb
About a Caſe of tender Conſcience,
Where both abounded in your own Senſe;
Till Ralpho, *by his Light and Grace,*
Had clear'd all Scruples in the Caſe;
And prov'd that you might ſwear, and own
Whatever's by the Wicked done.
For which, moſt baſely to requite
The Service of his Gifts and Light,
You ſtrove t' oblige him by main force,
To ſcourge his Ribs inſtead of yours,
But that he ſtood upon his Guard,
And all your vapouring outdar'd;
For which, between you both, the Feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outſide of his eyes to white.

(*As Men of Inward Light are wont*
To turn their Opticks in upon't.)
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do:
Held up his *Affidavit Hand*,
As if h' had been to be arraign'd:
Cast tow'rds the Door a ghastly look,
In dread of *Sidrophel*, and spoke.
Madam, If but one word be true
Of all the Wizard has told you,
Or but one single Circumstance
In all th' Apocryphal Romance,
May dreadful Earthquakes swallow down
This Vessel, that is all your own;
Or may the Heavens fall, and cover
These Reliques of your constant Lover.
You have provided well, quoth she,
(*I thank you*) *for your self and me;*
And shewn your Presbyterian *Wits*
Jump punctual with the Jesuits.

A most

A most compendious way and civil,
At once to cheat the World, the Devil,
And Heav'n and Hell, your selves and Those
On whom you vainly think t' impose,
Why then (quoth he) *may Hell surprize.*
That trick (said she) *will not pass twice:*
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.
But there's a better way of Clearing
What you would prove than downright Swearing;
For if you have perform'd the Feat,
The Blows are visible as yet
Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the Action.
And if you can produce those Knobs,
Although th' are but the Witch's Drubs,
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your natural Self had don't.
Provided that they pass th' Opinion
Of able Juries of old Women,

Who,

Who, us'd to judge all matt'r of Facts
For Bellies, may do so for Backs.

Madam, (quoth he) *your Love's a Million;*
To do is less than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my pow'r,
T' obey what you command, and more:
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care
To keep my wounds from taking Air:
For Wounds in those that are all Heart
Are dangerous in any Part.

I find (quoth she) *my Goods and Chattels*
Are like to prove but meer drawn Battels;
For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end.
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?

Your plighted Faith (quoth he) *and Word*
You past in Heaven on Record,
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly inroll'd:
And if 'tis counted Treason, here
To race Records, 'tis much more there.
Quoth she, *There are no Bargains driv'n*
Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heaven:
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no Heav'n in Marriages;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease.
Their bus'ness there is only Love,
Which Marriage is not like t' improve.
Love, that's too generous, t' abide
To be against its Nature ty'd:
For where 'tis of it self inclin'd,
It breaks loose when it is confin'd;
And like the Soul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the Air,

Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away:
And therefore never can comply,
T' endure the Matrimonial Tye,
That binds the Female and the Male;
Where th' one is but the other's Bail;
Like Roman *Gaolers, when they slept,*
Chain'd to the Prisoners they kept.
Of which the True and Faithfull'st Lover
Gives best security, to suffer.

Marriage is but a Beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way;
And therefore 'tis not to be admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd:
A bargain at a venture made
Between two Partners in a Trade,
(For what's inser't'd by T' have, and I' hold,
But something past away, and sold:)

That

That as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things elſe as low:
And at the beſt is but a Mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the Marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of Death, the Bet it laid.
And all the reſt of bett'r or wotſe
Both are but Loſers out of Purſe.
For when upon their ungot Heirs
Th' intail themſelves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder Bargain ere was driven,
Or Wager laid at ſix and ſeven;
To paſs themſelves away, and turn
Their Childrens Tenants ere th' are born?
Beg one another Idiot
To Guardians, ere they are begot;
Or ever ſhall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch'em for his own,
Though got by Implicit Generation,
And General Club of all the Nation:

For which she's fortify'd no less
Than all the Island, with four Seas;
Exacts the Tribute of her Dow'r,
In ready Insolence and Pow'r;
And make him pass away, to have
And hold, to her, himself, her slave,
More wretched than an ancient Villain,
Condemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling;
While all he does upon the By,
She is not bound to Justifie,
Nor at her proper cost and charge
Maintain the Feats he does at large.
Such hideous Sots were those obedient
Old Vassals to their Ladies Regent;
To give the Cheats the eldest hand
In foul Play, by the laws o'th' Land;
For which so many a legal Cuckold
Has been run down in Courts, and truckl'd.

A Law that most unjustly yokes
All Johns of Stiles *to* Joans of Nokes,
Without distinction of Degree,
Condition, Age, or Quality;
Admits no Pow'r of Revocation,
Nor valuable Consideration,
Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverse
Of Judgment past for better or worse;
Will not allow the Priviledges
That Beggars challenge under Hedges,
Who, when th' are griev'd, can make dead Horses
Their Spiritual Judges of Divorces;
While nothing else but Rem *in* Re
Can set the proudest Wretches free;
A Slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring.
As Spiders never seek the Fly,
But leave him, of himself, t' apply:
So men are by themselves betray'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,

And run their Necks into a Noose,
They'ld break 'em after, to break loose.
As some, whom Death would not depart,
Have done the Feat themselves by Art.
Like Indian *Widows, gone to Bed*
In flaming Curtains to the Dead:
And Men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the Sport.

Nor do the Ladies want excuse
For all the Stratagems they use,
To gain th' advantage of the Set,
And lurch the Amorous Rook and Cheat.
For as a Pythagorean *Soul*
Runs through all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,
And has a Smack of ev'ry one:
So Love does, and has ever done.
And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the Vagabond.

'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,
Whose hot fit takes the Patient first,
That after burns with Cold as much
As Ir'n in Greenland *does the touch;*
Melts in the Furnace of desire,
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire;
And when his heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.
For when he's with Love-powder laden,
And Prim'd, and Cock'd by Miss, or Madam,
The smallest sparkle of an Eye
Gives Fire to his Artillery;
And off the loud Oaths go, but while
Th' are in the very Act, recoil.
Hence 'tis, so few dare take their chance
Without a sep'rate maintenance:
And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,
Trust none again, till th' have made over.
Or if they do, before they marry,
The Foxes weigh the Geese they carry:

And ere they venture on a ſtream,
Know how to ſize themſelves and them.
Whence witty'ſt Ladies always chooſe
To undertake the heavieſt Gooſe.
For now the World is grown ſo wary,
That few of either Sex dare marry,
But rather truſt on tick t' Amours,
The Croſs and Pile for Bett'r or Worſe;
A Mode that is held honourable,
As well as French *and faſhionable.*
For when it falls out for the beſt,
Where both are incommoded leaſt,
In Soul and Body two unite,
To make up one Hermaphrodite;
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip *and* Mary *on a Shilling,*
Th' have more Punctilio's and Capriches
Between the Petticoat and Breeches,
More petulant Extravagancies,
Than Poets make 'em in Romances,

Though,

Though, when their Heroes 'spouse the Dames,
We hear no more of Charms and Flames:
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd Wine;
And all their Caterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous Pieces:
Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd,
By th' Yellow Mantau's of the Bride,
For Jealousie is but a kind
Of Clap and Grincam of the Mind,
The natural effect of Love,
As other Flames and Aches prove:
But all the mischief is, the doubt
On whose account they first broke out,
For though Chineses *go to Bed,*
And lie In in their Ladies stead,
And for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more:
Our Green-men *do it worse, when th' hap*
To fall in labour of a Clap;

Both lay the Child to one another:
But who's the Father, who the Mother,
'Tis hard to say in multitudes,
Or who imported the French *Goods.*
But Health and Sickness b'ing all one,
Which both ingag'd before to own,
And are not with their Bodies bound
To Worship only when th' are sound;
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false Wares:
A Fate no Lover can divert
With all his Caution, Wit, and Art.
For 'tis in vain to think to guess
At Women by Appearances,
That Paint and Patch their Imperfections
Of Intellectual Complexions,
And daub their Tempers o'er with Washes
As artificial as their Faces;
Wear under Vizard-Masks their Talents
And Mother Wits before their Gallants;

Until

Until th' are hamper'd in the Nooze,
Too fast to dream of breaking loose:
When all the Flaws they strove to hide
Are made unready, with the Bride,
That with her Wedding-cloaths undresses
Her Complaisance and Gentilesses;
Tries all her arts, to take upon her
The Government from th' easie owner.
Until the Wretch is glad to wave
His lawful Right, and turn her Slave;
Finds all his Having, and his Holding,
Reduc'd t' eternal Noise and Scolding.
The Conjugal Petard, that tears
Down all Portcullices of Ears,
And makes the Volley of one Tongue
For all their Leathern Shields too strong,
When only arm'd with Noise and Nails,
The Female Silk-worms ride the Males,
Transform 'em into Rams *and* Goats,
Like Sirens *with their charming Notes,*

Sweet

Sweet as a Screech-Owl's *Serenade,*
Or those inchanting Murmurs made
By th' Husband Mandrake *and the Wife,*
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, *These Reasons are but Strains*
Of mutton, over-heated Brains,
Which Ralliers in their Wit or Drink
Do rather wheedle with, than think.
Man was not Man in Paradise,
Until he was Created twice,
And had is better half, his Bride,
Carv'd from th' Original, his side,
T' amend his natural Defects,
And perfect his recruited Sex,
Inlarge his Breed, at once, and lessen
The pains and labour of increasing,
By changing them for other Cares,
As by his dry'd up Paps appears,

His

His Body, that ſtupendious Frame,
Of all the World the Anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact
In Shape and Symmetry exact.
Of which the Left and Female ſide
Is to the Manly Right a Bride,
Both joyn'd together with ſuch Art,
That nothing elſe but Death can part.
Thoſe heav'nly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,
And Face, that all the World ſurprize,
That dazle all that look upon ye,
And ſcorch all other Ladies tawny;
Thoſe raviſhing and charming Graces,
Are all made up of two half Faces,
That in a Mathematick Line,
Like thoſe in other Heavens, join.
Of which if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon:
And ſo would that ſweet Bud, your Lip,
Without the other's fellowſhip.

Our

Our Noblest Senses act by Pairs,
Two Eyes to see, to hear two Ears;
Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,
To wait upon the Soul design'd.
But those that serve the Body alone,
Are single and confin'd to one.
The World is but two Parts, that meet,
And close at th' Æquinoctial, fit;
And so are all the Works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her Signature on Matter:
Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,
Or smallest Blade of Grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How intirely Marriage is her Care,
The only Method that she uses,
In all the Wonders she produces.
And those that take their Rules from her,
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.
For what secures the Civil Life
But pawns of Children, and a Wife;

That

That lie like Hoſtages, at ſtake,
To pay for all Men undertake;
To whom it is as neceſſary,
As to be born, and breath, to marry;
So Univerſal, all Mankind
In nothing elſe is of one mind.
For in what ſtupid Age, or Nation,
Was Marriage ever out of Faſhion;
Unleſs among the Amazons,
Or Veſtal Friars, *and Cloiſter'd* Nuns,
Or Stoicks, *who, to bar the Freaks*
And looſe Exceſſes of the Sex,
Prepoſterously would have all Women
Turn'd up to all the World in common.
Though Men would find ſuch mortal Fewds
In ſharing of their publick Goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of Lives,
Than th' are ſupply'd with now by Wives;
Until they Graze, and wear their Cloaths,
As Beaſts doe, of their Native Growths:

For

For simple wearing of their Horns,
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unless the Marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no Right to Lands or Rents,
But for our Parents Settlements.
Had been but younger Sons o'th' Earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our Birth.
What Honours, or Estates of Peers
Could be preserv'd but by their Heirs?
And what security maintains
Their Right and Title, but the Banes?
What Crowns could be Hereditary,
If greatest Monarchs did not marry,
And with their Consorts consummate
Their weightiest Interests of State?
For all th' Amours of Princes are
But Gaurranties of Peace or War.
Or what but Marriage has a Charm,
The Rage of Empires to disarm,

Make

Make Bloud and Desolation cease,
And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,
When all their fierce Contests for Forage
Conclude in Articles of Marriage!
Nor does the Genial Bed provide
Less for the Interests of the Bride;
Who else had not the least pretence
T' as much as Due Benevolence;
Could no more Title take upon her
To Vertue, Quality, and Honour,
Than Ladies Errant, unconfin'd,
And Feme Coverts to all Mankind.
All Women would be of one piece,
The vertuous Matron, and the Miss;
The Nymphs of chast Diana's *Train,*
The same with those in Lewkner's *lane;*
But for the difference Marriage makes
'Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes.
Besides, the Joys of Place and Birth,
The Sex's Paradise on Earth;

A Privilege so Sacred held,
That none will to their Mothers yield;
But rather than not go before,
Abandon Heaven at the Door.
And if th' indulgent Law allows
A greater freedom to the Spouse;
The reason is, because the Wife
Runs greater hazards of her Life;
Is trusted with the Form and Matter
Of all Mankind by careful Nature.
Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff,
She frames the wondrous Fabrick of:
Who therefore, in a streight, may freely
Demand the Clergy of her Belly,
And make it save her, the same way,
It seldom misses to betray.
Unless both Parties wisely enter
Into the Liturgy-Indenture.
And though some fits of small contest
Sometimes fall out among the best,

That

That is no more than every Lover
Does from his Hackney-Lady suffer.
That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,
But rather, (sometime) serves t' improve.
For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace
Is but between two Legs a Race,
In which both do their utmost
To get before, and win the Post;
Yet when th' are at their Race's ends,
Th' are still as kind and constant Friends,
And to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease:
So all those false Alarms of Strife
Between the Husband and the Wife,
And little Quarrels often prove
To be but new recruits of Love.
When those wh' are always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudest Clamours more,
Than as th' are reliſh'd, Sweet, or Sour:

Like Muſick, that proves bad, or good
According as 'tis underſtood.
In all Amours a Lover burns,
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns:
And Hearts have been as oft with ſullen,
As charming looks, ſurpriz'd and ſtollen.
Then why ſhould more bewitching Clamour
Some Lovers not as much enamour?
For Diſcords make the ſweeteſt Airs,
And Curſes are a kind of Prayers:
Too ſlight Alloys for all thoſe grand
Felicities by Marriage gain'd.
For nothing elſe has pow'r to ſettle
Th' intereſts of Love perpetual.
An Act and Deed that makes one Heart
Become another's Counter-part,
And paſſes Fines on Faith and Love,
Inroll'd and Regiſtred above,
To ſeal the ſlippery knot of Vows,
Which nothing elſe but Death can looſe.

And

And what Security's too strong,
To guard that gentle Heart from wrong,
That to its Friend is glad to pass
It self away, and all it has;
And like an Anchorite, gives over
This World, for th' Heaven of a Lover?

I grant (quoth she) *there are some few*
Who take that course, and find it true:
But Millions, whom the same does Sentence
To Heaven b' another way, Repentance.
Love's Arrows are but shot at Rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to Lovers.
And all the weighty consequents
Depend upon more blind events
Than Gamesters, when they play at Set
With greatest cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight, unseen.

For what do Lovers, when th' are fast
In one another's Arms embrac'd,
But ſtrive to plunder and convey
Each other, like a Prize, away?
To change the property of ſelves,
As ſucking Children are by Elves?
And if they uſe their Perſons ſo,
What will they to their Fortunes do?
Their Fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their Eſtafies and Flames.
For when the Money's on the Book,
And, All my Worldly Goods — but ſpoke;
(The Formal Livery and Seiſin
That puts a Lover in poſſeſſion)
To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
The Bride a Flam that's ſuperſeded.
To that their Faith is ſtill made good,
And All the Oaths tous they vow'd.
For when we once reſign our Pow'rs,
W' have nothing left we can call ours.

Our

Our Money's now become the Miſs,
Of all your Lives and Services;
And we forſaken, and Poſt-pon'd,
But Bawds to what before we own'd.
Which as it made y' at firſt Gallant us,
So now hires others to ſupplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of Doors,
(As we had been) for new Armours.
For what did ever Heireſs yet
By being born to Lordſhips get?
When the more Lady ſh' is of Mannors,
She's but expos'd to more Trepanners,
Pays for their Projects and Deſigns,
And for her own deſtruction Fines,
And does but tempt them with her Riches,
To uſe her as the Dev'l does Witches;
Who takes it for a ſpecial Grace,
To be their Cully for a ſpace,
That, when the time's expir'd, the Drazels
For ever may become his Vaſſals.

So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,
Betrays her self, and all sh' inherits
Is bought and sold, like stollen goods,
By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bauds:
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the Thief himself away.
These are the everlasting Fruits
Of all your passionate Love-suits,
Th' effects of all your amourous Fancies
To Portions and Inheritances,
Your Love-sick Raptures for fruition
Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tuition;
To which you make address and Courtship,
And with your Bodies strive to Worship,
That th' Infant's Fortunes may partake
Of Love too, for the Mother's sake.
For these, you play at Purposes,
And love your Loves with A's and B's:
For these, at Beast and L' hombre woe,
And play for Love and Money too;

Strive

Strive who ſhall be the ableſt Man
At right Gallanting of a Fan,
And who the moſt genteelly bred
At ſucking of a Vizard Bead,
How beſt t' accoſt us in all Quarters
T' our queſtion-and-command New Garters,
And ſolidly diſcourſe upon
All ſorts of Dreſſes Pro *and* Con.
For there's no Myſtery nor Trade,
But in the Art of Love is made.
And when you have more Debts to pay
Than Michaelmas *and* Lady-day,
And no way poſſible to do't,
But Love and Oaths and reſtleſs Suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the Scores
Of all your cully'd paſt Amours;
Act o'er your Flames and Darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain,
Which others influences long ſince
Have charm'd your Noſes with, and Shins;

For which the Surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid,
Lord! what an Amorous thing is Want!
How debts and Mortgages inchant!
What Graces muſt that Lady have,
That can from Execution ſave!
What Charms, that can reverſe Extent,
And null Decree and Exigent!
What Magical Attracts and Graces,
That can redeem from Scire Facias;
From Bonds and Statutes can diſcharge,
And from Contempts of Courts inlarge!
Theſe are the higheſt Excellencies
Of all our true or falſe Pretences.
And you would damn your ſelves, and ſwear
As much t' an Hoſteſs Dowager,
Grown fat and purſy by Retail
Of Pots of Beer, and Bottled Ale;
And find her fitter for your turn,
For Fat is wondrous apt to burn;

Who

Who at your Flames would ſoon take Fire,
Relent, and melt to your deſire,
And, like a Candle in the Socket,
Diſſolve her Graces int' your Pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the Gate,
Laid on in haſt with ſuch a powder,
The blows grew louder ſtill and louder.
Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been
Beſtow'd as freely on his Skin,
Expounding by his Inward Light,
Or rather more Prophetick Fright,
To be the Wizard, come to ſearch,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as Aſhes, or a Clout;
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt:
For Men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little Valour,

His Heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a paſſage through his Side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em;
But in a Fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But ſhe, who ſaw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted, cry'd, *Courage, Sir Knight,*
Know I'm reſolv'd to break no Right
Of Hoſpitality t' a Stranger,
But to ſecure you out of danger,
Will here my ſelf ſtand Sentinel,
To guard this Paſs 'gainſt Sidrophel.
Women, you know, do ſeldom fail,
To make the ſtouteſt Men turn tail:
And bravely ſcorn to turn their Backs
Upon the deſperat'ſt Attacks.

At this the Knight grew reſolute
As *Ironſide*, or *Hardiknute*;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud, to ſally.
But ſhe beſought him, to convey
His Courage rather out o'th' way,
And lodge in Ambuſh on the Floor,
Or fortify'd behind a Door.
That if the Enemy ſhould enter,
He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

Mean while, they knock'd againſt the Door
As fierce as at the Gate before;
Which made the Renagado Knight
Relapſe again t' his former fright.
He thought it deſperate to ſtay
Till th' Enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather poſt himſelf, to ſerve
The Lady, for a freſh Reſerve.

His Duty was not to diſpute,
But what ſh'had order'd execute:
Which he reſolv'd in haſte t'obey,
And therefore ſtoutly march'd away;
And all he encountred fell upon,
Though in the dark and all alone.
Till Fear, that braver Feats performs
Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms,
Had drawn him up before a Paſs,
To ſtand upon his Guard, and face.
This he courageouſly invaded,
And having enter'd, *Barricado'd*:
Inſconc'd himſelf as formidable
As could be underneath a Table;
Where he lay down in Ambuſh cloſe,
T' expect the arrival of his Foes.
Few minutes had he lain perdue,
To guard his deſp'rate Avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful ſhout,
As loud as putting to the Rout;

With

With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fansi'd th' Enemy had storm'd,
And after entring *Sidrophel*
Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell.
He therefore sent out all his Senses,
To bring him in Intelligences.
Which Vulgars out of ignorance
Mistake, for falling in a Trance:
But those that trade in *Geomancy*,
Affirm to be the strength of Fancy:
In which the *Lapland-Magi* deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Mean while the Foe beat up his Quarters,
And storm'd the Out-works of his Fortrels.
And as another of the same
Degree, and Party, in Arms and Fame,
That in the same Cause had ingag'd,
And War with equal conduct wag'd,
By ven'tring onely but to thrust
His Head a Span beyond his Post,

B' a *Gen'ral* of the *Cavaliers*
Was dragg'd through a Window by th'Ears:
So he was ſerv'd in his Redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,
As if they 'd ſcorn'd to trade and barter,
By giving or by taking Quarter:
They ſtoutly on his Quarters laid,
Until his Scouts came in t' his aid.
For when a *Man is paſt his Senſe*,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' *Ears* or *Noſe*,
Or laying on of *heavy Blows*.
And if that will not do the Deed,
To burning with *Hot Irons* proceed.

No ſooner was he come t' himſelf,
But on his Neck a ſturdy Elf

Clapp'd

Clapp'd in a trice his cloven Hoof,
And thus attack'd him with Reproof:
Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our Friend, thy Evil Genius,
Who for thy horrid Perjuries,
Thy breach of Faith, and turning Lyes,
The Brethrens Privilege, (againſt
The Wicked) on themſelves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched Carcaſs ſent
For juſt Revenge and puniſhment;
Which thou haſt now no way to leſſen,
But by an open, free Confeſſion.
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's Heart away?
To Spirit her to Matrimony——?
That which contracts all Matches, Money.
It was th' inchantment of her Riches,
That made m' apply t' your Croney Witches:

That

That in return would pay th' expence,
The Wear-and-tear of Conscience;
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd
For th' hundreth part of what I earn'd.
Didst thou not love her then? speak true.
No more (quoth he) *than I love you.*
How wouldst th' have us'd her [illegible]er Money?
First, turn'd her up to Alimony;
And laid her Dowry out in Law,
To null her Jointure with a flaw,
Which I before-hand had agreed
T' have put of purpose, in the Deed;
And bar her Widow's making-over
T' a Friend in Trust, or private Lover.
What made thee pick and chuse her out,
T' imply their Sorceries about?
That which make Gamesters play with those
Who have least Wit, and most to lose.
But didst thou scourge thy Vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thy self to us?

I see

I see you take me for an Ass:
'Tis true, I thought the Trick would pass
Upon a Woman well enough,
As't has been often found by Proof;
Whose Humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon.
For Love approves of all they doe
That stand for Candidates, and woe.
Why didst thou forge those shameful Lyes,
Of Bears and Witches in Disguise?
That is no more than Authors give
The Rabble credit to believe;
A Trick of Following their Leaders,
To entertain their Gentle Readers.
And we have now no other way
Of passing all we do or say,
Which when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few.
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal Enemy of Sence,

Why didst thou chuse that cursed Sin,
Hypocrisie, to set up in?
Because it is the thriving'st Calling,
The only Saints-Bell that rings all in,
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the easiest to be learn'd.
For no degrees, unless th' employ'd,
Can ever gain much or enjoy it.
A Gift that is not only able
To domineer among the Rabble,
But by the Laws impow'r'd to rout
And awe the greatest that stand out.
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their hand should slip, and come too near.
For no Sin else among the Saints
Is taught so tenderly against.
What made thee break thy plighted Vows?
That which makes others break a House,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the Plague of being poor.

Quoth

Quoth he, *I see you have more Tricks*
Than all our doting Politicks,
That are grown old, and out of Fashion,
Compar'd with your new Reformation:
That we must come to School to you,
To learn your more refin'd, and New.
Quoth he, *If you will give me leave*
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'd find your self an arrant Chouse,
If y' were but at a Meeting-House.
'Tis true, quoth he, *we ne'er come there,*
Because w' have let them out by th' Year.
Truly, quoth he, *you can't imagine*
What wondrous things they will engage in:
That as your Fellow-Fiends in Hell
Were Angels all before they fell,
So you are like to be again
Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men.
Quoth he, *I am resolv'd to be*
Thy Scholar in this Mystery;

And therefore first desire to know
Some Principles on which you go.
What makes a Knave a Child of God,
And one of us? ——A Livelihood.
What renders beating out of Brains
And murther Godliness? ——Great Gains.
What's tender Conscience? —'Tis a Botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch.
But breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' Epidemical'st Plague sore.
What makes y' encroach upon our Trade,
And damn all others? ——To be paid.
What's Orthodox and true believing
Against a Conscience —A good Living.
What makes Rebelling against Kings
A Good Old Cause? Administrings.
What makes all Doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again? Two hundred more.

What makes the breaking of all Oaths
A holy Duty? Food and Cloaths.
What Laws and Freedom, Perſecution?
B'ing out of Pow'r, and Contribution.
What makes a Church a Den of Thieves?
A Dean and Chapter, and White Sleeves.
And What would ſerve, if thoſe were gone,
To make it Orthodox? Our own.
What makes Morality a Crime,
The moſt notorious of the Time?
Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked too cry out againſt?
'Cauſe Grace and Vertue are within
Prohibited Degrees of Kin:
And therefore no true Saint allows
They ſhould be ſuffer'd to eſpouſe.
For Saints can need no Conſcience
That with Morality diſpenſe;
As Vertue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In Nature onl', and not imputed.

But why the Wicked should do so,
We neither know, nor care to do,
What's Liberty of Conscience,
I' th' Natural and Genuine Sence?
'Tis to restore with more security
Rebellion to its ancient Purity;
And Christian Liberty reduce
To th' elder Practice of the Jews.
For a large Conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with None.

It is enough (quoth he) *for once,*
And has repriev'd thy forfeit Bones;
Nick Machiavel *had ne'er a Trick,*
(*Though he gave's Name to our* Old Nick)
But was below the least of these,
That pass i' th' World for Holiness.

This said, the Furies and the Light
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight;

And

And left him in the dark alone,
With ſtinks of Brimſtone, and his own.

The *Queen of Night*, whoſe large Command
Rules all the Sea and half the Land,
And over moiſt and crazy Brains
In high Spring-tides at Midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the Weſt,
To go to Bed and take her reſt.
When *Hudibras*, whoſe ſtubborn Blows
Deny'd his Bones that ſoft repoſe,
Lay ſtill expecting worſe and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the Floor:
And though he ſhut his Eyes as faſt
As if h' had been to ſleep his laſt,
Saw all the Shapes that Fear or Wizards
Do make the Devil wear for Vizards.
And pricking up his Ears, to hark
If he could hear too in the dark,

Was first invaded with a Groan,
And after, in a feeble Tone,
These trembling words. *Unhappy Wretch!*
What hast thou gotten by this Fetch?
Or all thy Tricks in this New Trade,
The Holy Brotherhood o' th' Blade?
By saunt'ring still on some Adventure,
And growing to thy Horse a Centaur,
To stuff thy skin with swelling Knobs
Of Cruel and hard wooded Drubs?
For still th' hast had the worse on't yet,
As well in Conquest as Defeat.
Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,
To rest the Body and the Mind:
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.
The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him this Reprimand,
Because the Character did hit
Point-blank upon his Case so fit;

Believ'd

Believ'd it was some drolling Sprite
That staid upon the Guards that Night,
And one of those h' had seen, and felt
The Drubs he had so freely dealt.
When, after a short Pause and Groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on.
This 'tis t' ingage with Dogs and Bears
Pelmell together by the Ears;
And after painful Bangs and Knocks,
To lie in Limbo in the Stocks;
And from the Pinacle of Glory,
Fall headlong into Purgatory;
(Thought he, This Devil's full of Malice,
That on my late Disasters Rallies.)
Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more Heroick-minded;
And at a Riding handled worse,
With Treats more slovenly and coarse;
Ingag'd with Friends in stubborn Wars,
And hot Disputes with Conjurers;

And when th' hadst bravely won the day,
Wast fain to steal thy self away.
(I see, thought he, this shameless Elf
Would fain steal me too from my self,
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done:)
And now but venturing to betray,
Hast met with Vengeance the same way.
Thought he, How does the Devil know
What 'twas that I design'd to do?
His *Office of Intelligence*,
His *Oracles* are ceas'd long since,
And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what some treacherous Spy acquaints.
This is some Pettifogging Fiend,
Some Under-Door-keeper's Friend's Friend,
That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second hand;
And now would pass for *Spirit Po*,
And all mens dark Concerns foreknow.

I think

I think I need not fear him for't:
These Rallying Devils do no hurt.
With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,
And hastily cry'd out, *What art?*
A Wretch (quoth he) *whom want of Grace*
Has brought to this unhappy Place.
I do believe thee, quoth the Knight,
Thou far I'm sure th' art in the Right;
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou hast gues's'd of me.
Thou art some paltry Black-guard Sprite,
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the night,
That hast no work to do in th' House,
Nor Half-penny to drop in Shooes:
Without the raising of which Sum,
Thou dare not be so troublesome,
To pinch the Slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their Work to do.
This is your business, good Pug Robin,
And your Diversion dull Dry Bobbing;

T' in-

T' intice Fanaticks in the Dirt,
And wash 'em clean in Ditches for't.
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At ev'ry Jest you laugh aloud,
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your Rallery.

Sir, (quoth the Voice) *y' are no such Sophy*
As you would have the World judge of ye,
If you design to weigh our Talents
I' th' Standard of your own false Balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us Ghosts, as well as we do you:
We, who have been the everlasting
Companions of your Drubs and Basting,
And never left you in Contest
With Male or Female, Man or Beast,
But prov'd as true t' ye and intire
In all Adventures as your Squire,

Quoth

Quoth he, *That may be said as true*
By th' idlest Pug of all your Crew:
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those Allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a Token
To your Low Countrey Hogen Mogen,
To whose Infernal Shores I hope
He'll swing like Skippers in a Rope.
And if y' have been more just to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as True,
What th' Ill-affected say of you,
T' have 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
By holding up your Cloven Paws.
Sir, quoth the Voice, *'tis true, I grant,*
We made and took the Covenant.
But that no more concerns the Cause,
Than other Perj'ries do the Laws,
Which when they're prov'd in open Court,
Wear wooden Peccadillo's for't.

And

And that's the Reason Covenanters
Held up their Hands, like Rogues at Bars.
I see, quoth *Hudibras, from whence*
These Scandals of the Saints commence,
That are but natural Effects
Of Satan's *Malice, and his Sects,*
Those Spider-Saints, that hang by Threds
Spun out of th' Entrails of their Heads.
Sir, quoth the Voice, *that may as true*
And properly be said of you;
Whose Talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together.
For all the Independents do
Is only what you forc'd them to.
You, who are not content alone
With Tricks to put the Devil down,
But must have Armies rais'd, to back
The Gospel-work you undertake:
As if Artillery, and Edge-tools
Were th' only Engines to save Souls.

While

While He, poor Devil, has no pow'r
By force to run down and devour;
Has ne'er a Class, cannot sentence
To Stools or Poundage of Repentance;
Is ty'd up only to Design,
T' intice, and tempt, and undermine:
In which you all his Arts out-do,
And prove your selves his Betters too.
Hence 'tis Possessions do less evil
Than mere Temptations of the Devil,
Which all the horridst Actions done,
Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon;
Because unless you help the Elf,
He can do little of himself:
And therefore where he's best Possest,
Acts most against his Interest;
Surprizes none but those wh' have Priests
To turn him out, and Exorcists,
Supply'd with Spiritual Provision,
And Magazines of Ammunition,

With

With Crosses, Reliks, Crucifixes,
Beads, Pictures, Rosaries, and Pixes,
The Tools of Working out Salvation
By meer Mechanick Operation,
With Holy Water, like a Sluce,
To overflow all Avenues.
But those wh' are utterly unarm'd
T' oppose his Entrance if he storm'd,
He never offers to surprize,
Although his falsest Enemies;
But is content to be their Drudge,
And on their Errands glad to trudge.
For where all your Forfeitures
Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?
Who are but Jailours of the Aales
And Dungeons where you clap up Souls;
Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys
T' your Mittimus Anathema's;
And never boggle to restore
The Members you deliver o'er

Upon

Upon Demand, with fairer Justice
Than all your Covenanting Trustees;
Unless to punish them the worse,
You put them in the Secular Pow'rs,
And pass their Souls as some demise
The same Estate in Mortgage twice,
When to a Legal Utlegation
You turn your Excommunication,
And for a Groat unpaid that's due,
Distrain on Soul and Body too.

Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of civil
State-Prudence, to cajoul the Devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his cloven Hoof,
'Tis true, quoth he, *that intercourse*
Has past between your Friends and ours;
That as you trust us in our way,
To raise your Members, and to lay,

We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to Hang themselves or Drown,
Or frighted with our Oratory,
To leap down headlong many a story;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of State,
Laid out our Spiritual Gifts to further
Your great Designs of Rage and Murther.
For if the Saints are nam'd from Blood,
We onl' have made that Title good:
And if it were but in our power,
We should not scruple to do more,
And not be half a Soul behind
Of all Dissenters of Mankind.
Right, quoth the Voice, *and as I scorn*
To be ungrateful in return
Of all those kind good Offices,
I'll free you out of this Distress,
And set you down in safety, where,
It is no time to tell you here.

The Cock crows, and the Morn draws on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone:
And if I leave you here till day,
You'll find it hard to get away.
With that the Spirit grop'd about
To find th' Inchanted Hero out,
And try'd with haſt to lift him up;
But found his *Forlorn Hope*, his *Croop*,
Unſerviceable with Kicks and Blows
Received from hard-hearted Foes.
He thought to drag him by the Heels,
Like *Greſham* Carts, with Legs for Wheels.
But Fear, that ſooneſt cures thoſe Sores,
In danger of Relapſe to worſe,
Came in t' aſſiſt him with its Aid,
And up his ſinking Veſſel weigh'd.
No ſooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to diſlodge,
The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,
Upon the *Vehicle*, his Back.

And bore him headlong into th' Hall,
With some few Rubs against the Wall.
Where finding out the Postern lock'd,
And th' *Avenues* as strongly block'd,
H' attack'd the Window, storm'd the Glass,
And in a moment gain'd the Pass,
Through which he dragg'd the worsted Soldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' Head and Shoulders;
And cautiously began to scout,
To find their Fellow-Cattel out.
Nor was it half a Minute's Quest,
E're he retriev'd the Champions Beast,
Ty'd to a Pale instead of Rack,
But ne'er a Saddle on his Back,
Nor Pistols at the Saddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the Night to steal away,
But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
Upon the *Bare Ridge* bolt upright.

And

And groping out for *Ralpho's* Jade,
He found the Saddle too was ſiraid,
And in the place a Lump of Sope,
On which he ſpeedily leap'd up;
And turning to the Gate the Rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.
While *Hudibras*, with equal haſt,
On both ſides laid about as faſt,
And ſpurr'd as *Jockies* uſe, to break
Or *Padders*, to ſecure a Neck.
Where let us leave them for a time,
And to their *Churches* turn our *Rhyme*;
To hold forth their declining State,
Which now come near an Even Rate.

THE

The ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND CANTO

Of the Third Part.

The Saints engage in fierce Conteſts
About their Carnal Intereſts;
To ſhare their Sacrilegious Preys,
According to their Rates of Grace;
Their various Frenzies to Reform,
When Cromwel *loſt them in a Storm:*
Till, in th' Effigie of RUMPS, *the Rabble*
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.

CANTO II.

THE Learned write, *An Inſect Breeze*
Is but a Mungrel Prince of *Bees*,
That falls before a Storm, on Cows,
And ſtings the Founders of his Houſe;
From whoſe corrupted Fleſh that Breed
Of Vermine did at firſt proceed.

So,

So, ere the Storm of War broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various Rout,
Of Petulant Capricious Sects,
The Maggots of Corrupted Texts,
That first run all Religion down,
And after every Swarm its own.
For as the *Persian Magi* once
Upon their *Mothers* got their *Sons*,
Who were incapable t' enjoy
That Empire any other way:
So *Presbyter* begot the other
Upon the *Good Old Cause*, his Mother,
That bore them like the Devil's Dam,
Whose *Son* and *Husband* are the same.
And yet no nat'ral Tie of Blood,
Nor Int'rest for their Common Good,
Could, when their Profits interfer'd,
Get Quarter for each other's Beard.
For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd,
But only by the Ears engag'd:

Like Dogs that snarl about a Bone,
And play together when th' have none.
As by their truest Characters,
Their constant Actions, plainly appears.

Rebelling now began for lack
Of *Zeal* and *Plunder* to grow slack;
The *Cause* and *Covenant* to lessen,
And Providence to b' out of Season:
For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' King's Revenue and the Church's.
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on.
Which forc'd the Stubborn'st for the Cause
To cross the Cudgels to the Laws;
That what by breaking them t' had gain'd,
By their Support might be maintain'd;
Like Thieves, that in a *Hemp-plot* lie,
Secur'd against the *Hue-and-Cry*.

For *Presbyter* and *Independent*
Were now turn'd *Plaintiff* and *Defendant*,
Laid out their Apoſtolick Functions
On Carnal *Orders* and *Injunctions*,
And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On *Outlawries* and *Scire facias*;
At *Michael's* Term had many a Trial,
Worſe than the *Dragon* and St. *Michael*,
Where thouſands fell in ſhape of Bees,
Into the *Bottomleſs Abyſs*.
For when, like Brethren and Friends,
They came to ſhare their Dividends,
And ev'ry Partner to poſſeſs
His Church and State Joint-Purchaces,
In which the Ableſt Saint and Beſt
Was nam'd in Truſt by all the reſt,
To pay their Money; and, inſtead
Of ev'ry Brother, paſs the Deed;
He ſtraight converted all his Gifts
To pious Frauds and holy Shifts,

And setled all the others Shares
Upon his *outward Man* and's *Heirs*;
Held all they claim'd as Forfeit Lands,
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And past upon his Conscience,
By *Pre-intail* of *Providence*;
Impeach'd the Rest for Reprobates,
That had no Titles to Estates,
But by their Spiritual Attaints
Degraded from the Right of Saints.
This being reveal'd, they now begun
With Law and Conscience to fall on;
And laid about as hot and brain-sick
As th' *Utter Barrister of Swanswick*;
Ingag'd with Money-bags, as bold
As Men with Sand-bags did of old;
That brought the Lawyers in more Fees,
Than all unsanctifi'd Trustees:
Till he who had no more to show
I' th' Case, receiv'd the overthrow;

Or

Or Both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.

Poor *Presbyter* was now Reduc'd,
Secluded, and Cashier'd, and Chews'd,
Turn'd out and Excommunicate
From all Affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd t' a Reformado Saint,
And glad to turn Itinerant,
To strowl and teach from Town to Town,
And those he had taught up teach down,
And make those Lies serve again
Against the New-inlightned men,
As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the *Cavaliers*
Damn *Anabaptist* and *Fanatick*,
As pat as *Popish* and *Prelatick*;
And with as little variation,
To serve for any Sect i' th' Nation.

The *Good Old Cause*, which some believe
To be the *Devil* that tempted *Eve*
With Knowledge, and does still invite
The World to Mischief with New Light,
Had store of Money in her Purse,
When he took her for *better or worse*;
But now was grown Deform'd and Poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of Door.

The *Independents* (whose first Station
Was in the *Nave of Reformation*,
A Mungrel kind of *Church-Dragoons*,
That serv'd for Horse and Foot at once,
And in the Saddle of one Steed
The *Saracen* and *Christian* rid,
Were Free of every Spiritual Order,
To *Preach*, and *Fight*, and *Pray*, and *Murther*,
No sooner got the Start to lurch
Both Disciples, of *War* and *Church*,

And

And Providence enough to ruin
The chief Commanders of 'em down,
But carried on the War against
The Common Enemy o' th' Saints;
And in a while prevail'd so far,
To win of them the Game of War,
And be at Liberty once more,
T' attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no Foe in Arms,
T' unite their Factions with Alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worst, *themselves at home*,
Wh' had compast all they Pray'd, and Swore,
And fought, and Preach'd, and Plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,
And all things but their *Laws and Hate*.
But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the Spoils of all th' had ransackt,

To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the *Government*,
They met no sooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the War had spar'd;
Agreed in nothing, but t' *Aboliſh*,
Subvert, *Extirpate*, and *Demoliſh*.
For Knaves and Fools b'ing near of kin,
As *Dutch Boors* are t' a *Sooterkin*,
Both Parties join'd to do their beſt,
To Damn the Publick Intereſt;
And Herded only in Conſults
To put by one anothers Bolts,
T' out-cant the *Babylonian* Labourers,
At all their Dialects of Jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the Saw,
To tear down Government and Law.
For as two Cheats, that play one Game,
Are both defeated of their Aim:
So thoſe who play a *Game of State*,
And only *Cavil* in Debate,

Although there's nothing loſt nor won,
The Publick Buſineſs is undone,
Which ſtill the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the ſurer way to Ruine.
This when the *Royaliſts* perceiv'd,
(Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the Right they had paid down
So dearly for, *The Church and Crown*)
Th' united conſtanter, and ſided
The more, the more their Foes divided.
For though out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the Fate of War run down;
Their Duty never was defeated,
Nor from their Oaths and Faith retreated,
For Loyalty is ſtill the ſame,
Whether it win or loſe the Game;
True as a Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not ſhin'd upon.
But when theſe Brethren in evil,
Their *Adverſaries* and the *Devil*,

Began

Began once more to ſhew them Play,
And hopes, at leaſt, to have a day,
They rallied in Parades of Woods,
And unfrequented Solitudes,
Conven'd at Midnight in Out-houſes,
T' appoint *New-riſing Rendezvouzes*,
And with a Pertinacy unmatch'd
For new Recruits of Danger watch'd:
No ſooner was one Blow diverted,
But up another Party ſtarted.
And, as if Nature too in haſte,
To furniſh our Supplies as faſt,
Before her time had turn'd Deſtruction
T' a new and numerous Production;
No ſooner thoſe were overcome,
But up roſe others in their Room,
That, like the Chriſtian Faith increaſt
The more, the more they were ſuppreſt:
Whom neither *Chains*, nor *Tranſportation*,
Proſcription, *Sale*, nor *Confiſcation*,

Nor

Nor all the desperate Events
Of former try'd Experiments,
Nor Wounds could terrifie, nor Mangling,
To leave off *Loyalty* and *Dangling*,
Nor Death (with all his Terrors) affright
From ven'tring to maintain the Right,
From staking Life and Fortune down
'Gainst all together, for the Crown;
But kept the Title of their Cause
From *Forfeiture*, like Claims in Laws,
And prov'd no prosp'rous Usurpation
Can ever settle on the Nation,
Until, in spight of Force and Treason,
They put their Loy'lty in Possession;
And by their Constancy and Faith,
Destroy'd the Mighty Men of *Gath*;
Tos'd in a furious *Hurricane*,
Did *Oliver* give up his *Reign*;

And was believ'd, as well by Saints,
As Moral Men and Miscreants,
To founder in the *Stygian* Ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by *Sterry*,
Who, in a false erroneous Dream,
Mistook the *New Jerusalem*,
Prophanely, for th' *Apocryphal*,
False *Heaven* at the *End* o' th' *Hall*;
Whither it was decreed by Fate,
His precious Reliques to translate.
So *Romulus* was seen before
B' as Orthodox a *Senator*;
From whose Divine Illumination
He stole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him his Son and *Heir Apparent*
Succeeded, though a *Lame Vicegerent*:
Who first laid by the *Parliament*,
The only *Crutch* on which *he leant*:

And

And then ſunk underneath the *State*,
That rode him above *Horſeman's Weight*.

And now the Saints began their *Reign*,
For which th' had yearn'd ſo long in vain,
And felt ſuch Bowel-Hankerings,
To ſee an *Empire all of Kings*,
Deliver'd from th' *Ægyptian Awe*
Of Juſtice, Government, and Law,
And free t' erect what *Spiritual Cantons*
Should be reveal'd, or *Goſpel Hans-Towns*,
To edifie upon the Ruines
Of *John* of *Leyden's old Out-goings*,
Who for a Weather-cock hung up
Upon their *Mother-Church*'s Top,
Was made a Type by Providence
Of all their Revelations ſince;
And now fulfill'd by his Succeſſors,
Who equally miſtook their Meaſures:

For when they came to ſhape the *Model*,
Not one could fit another's Noddle;
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From Fadging than th' Unſanctifi'd;
While ev'ry individual Brother
Strove hand to fiſt againſt another,
And ſtill the maddeſt and moſt crackt
Were found the buſieſt to Tranſact.
For though moſt Hands diſpatch apace,
And *make light work*, (the Proverb ſays)
Yet many different Intellects
Are found t' have contrary Effects;
And many Heads t' obſtruct Intrigues,
As ſloweſt Inſects have moſt Legs.

Some were for ſetting up a King,
But all the reſt for no ſuch thing,
Unleſs King *Jeſus*: Others tamper'd
For *Fleetwood*, *Desborough*, and *Lambert*;

Some for the *Rump*, and ſome more crafty,
For *Agitators* and the *Safety*;
Some for the Goſpel, and Maſſacres
Of *Spiritual Affidavit-makers*,
That ſwore to any Humane Regence,
Oaths of Supremacy and *Allegiance*,
Yea though the ableſt ſwearing Saint,
That vouch'd the Bulls o' th' Covenant:
Others for pulling down th' High-places
Of *Synods* and *Provincial Claſſes*,
That us'd to make ſuch hoſtile Inroads
Upon the Saints, like bloudy *Nimrods*:
Some for Fulfilling Prophecies,
And th' Extirpation of Exciſe;
And ſome againſt th' *Ægyptian Bondage*
Of *Holy-days*, and *paying Poundage*:
Some for the cutting down of *Groves*:
And rectifying Bakers Loaves;
And ſome for finding out Expedients
Againſt the Slav'ry of Obedience.

Some were for *Goſpel-Miniſters*,
And ſome for *Red-Coat Seculars*,
As men moſt fit t'hold forth the Word
And wield *the one and th' other Sword*.
Some were for carrying on the Work
Againſt the *Pope*, and ſome the *Turk*:
Some for engaging to ſuppreſs
The *Camiſado of Surplices*,
That Gifts and Diſpenſations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' *Outward Man the Inward*;
More proper for the cloudy Night
Of *Popery*, than *Goſpel-Light*.
Others were for Aboliſhing
That Tool of Matrimony, *a Ring*,
With which th' unſanctifi'd *Bridegroom*
Is marri'd only to a *Thumb*;
(As wiſe as Ringing of a Pig,
That uſes break up ground and Dig;)
The *Bride* to nothing but her Will,
That nulls the After-Marriage ſtill.

Some

Some were for th' utter Extirpation
Of *Linsey-Woolsey* in the Nation;
And some against all Idolizing
The *Cross* in *Shop-Books*, or *Baptizing*.
Others, to make all things recant
The *Christian* or *Surname* of Saint;
And force all *Churches*, *Streets*, and *Towns*,
The *Holy Title* to renounce.
Some 'gainst a *Third Estate of Souls*,
And bringing down the Price of Coals.
Some for Abolishing Black-Pudding,
And eating nothing with the Bloud in;
To abrogate them Roots and Branches:
While others were for *eating Haunches*
Of Warriors, and *now* and *then*
The *Flesh of Kings* and *mighty Men*;
And Some for Breaking of their Bones
With Rods of Ir'n by *Secret ones*;
For thrashing Mountains, and with Spells
For Hallowing Carriers Packs and Bells.

Things that the *Legend* never heard of,
But made the wicked ſore afeard of.
The Quacks of Government (who ſate
At th' unregarded *Helm of State*,
And underſtood, this wild Confuſion
Of fatal madneſs and Deluſion,
Muſt, ſooner than a Prodigie,
Portend Deſtruction to be nigh)
Conſider'd timely, how t' withdraw
And ſave their Wind-Pipes from the Law:
For one Rencounter at the Bar
Was worſe than all th' had 'ſcap'd in War:
And therefore met in Conſultation,
To *Cant* and *Quack* upon the Nation;
Not for the ſickly Patient's ſake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the Pulſes of their Fees,
More wiſe than fumbling Arteries;
Prolong the Snuff of Life in pain,
And from the Grave recover *Gain*.

'Mong these there was a *Politician*,
With more Heads then a *Beast in Vision*,
And more Intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the *Whores of Babylon*;
So politick, as if one eye
Upon the other were a Spy;
That to trapan the one to think
The other Blind, both strove to blink:
And in his dark Pragmatick way
As busie as a Child at Play.
H' had seen three Governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one,
Was for 'em and against 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall;
For by *Trapanning* th' old to Ruine,
He made his Int'rest with the new one;
Plaid true and faithful, though against
His Conscience, and was still advanc'd.
For by the Witch-craft of Rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble *State-Camelion*,

By

By giving aim from ſide to ſide,
He never fail'd to ſave his Tide,
But got the ſtart of ev'ry State,
And at a Change ne'er came too late;
Could turn his Word, and Oath, and Faith,
As many ways as in a Lath;
By turning, wriggle, like a Screw
Int' higheſt Truſt, and out for New.
For when h' had happily incurr'd,
Inſtead of Hemp, to be preferr'd,
And paſt upon a Government,
He play'd his trick and out he went:
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes,
Would ſtrive to raiſe himſelf upon
The Publick Ruine and his own.
So little did he underſtand
The deſp'rate Feats he took in hand.
For when h' had got himſelf a Name
For Fraud and Tricks; he ſpoil'd his Game,

Had

Had forc'd his Neck into a Nooze,
To ſhew his play at *Faſt and Looſe*;
And when he chanc'd t' eſcape, miſtook
For Art and Subtlety, his Luck.
So right his Judgment was cut fit,
And made a Tally to his Wit,
And both together moſt profound
At Deeds of Darkneſs under ground:
As th' Earth is eaſieſt undermin'd
By Vermine Impotent and Blind.

By all theſe Arts, and many more
H' had practis'd long and much before,
Our *State-Artificer* foreſaw
Which way the World began to draw.
For as *Old Sinners* have all Points
O' th' Compaſs in their Bones and Joints,
Can by their Pangs and Aches find
All Turns and Changes of the Wind,

And

And better than by *Napier's Bones*,
Feel in their own the Age of Moons;
So guilty Sinners in a State
Can by their Crimes prognosticate,
And in their Consciences feel pain
Some days before a Shower of Rain.
He therefore wisely cast about
All ways he could, t' *insure his Throat*;
And hither came t' observe and smoak
What Courses other Riskers took;
And to the utmost do his best
To save himself and hang the rest.

To Match this Saint, there was another,
As busie and perverse a Brother,
An Habberdasher of Small wares
In Politicks and State-Affairs;
More *Jew* than *Rabbi Achitophel*,
And better gifted to Rebel:

For when h' had taught his Tribe to Spouſe
The Cauſe, aloft, upon one Houſe,
He ſcorn'd to ſet his own in Order,
But try'd another, and went further;
So ſullenly addicted ſtill
To's only Principle, *his Will*,
That whatſoe'er it chanc'd to prove
No force of Argument could move,
Nor *Law*, nor *Cavalcade of Ho'born*,
Could render half a grain leſs ſtubborn.
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity *t' harangue*,
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Than miſs his dear delight, to wrangle;
In which his Parts were ſo accompliſht,
That right or wrong, he ne'er was non-pluſt;
But ſtill his Tongue ran on, the leſs
Of weight it bore, with greater eaſe,
And with its Everlaſting Clack
Set all mens Ears upon the Rack.

No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to pickere,
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he ingag'd in *Controversie*:
Not by the force of Carnal Reason,
But indefatigable Teazing;
With Volleys of eternal Babble,
And Clamour more unanswerable.
For though his *Topicks*, frail and weak,
Could near amount above a Freak:
He still maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
Against the desperat'st Assaults;
And back'd their feeble want of Sence,
With greater Heat and Confidence:
As bones of *Hectors* when they differ,
The more th' are *Cudgell'd*, grow the *Stiffer*.
Yet when his Profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated:
For nothing but his Interest
Could lay his Devil of Contest.

It was his *Choice*, or *Chance*, or *Curse*,
T' espouse the Cause for *better or worse*;
And with his worldly Goods and Wit,
And *Soul*, and *Body*, worshipp'd it:
But when he found the sullen *Trapes*
Possest with th' *Devil*, *Worms*, and *Claps*,
The *Trojan Mare* in Foal with *Greeks*
Not half so full of *Jadish Tricks*,
Though Squeamish in her outward Woman,
As loose and rampant as *Dol common*;
He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obstinater;
And still the skittisher and looser
Her Freaks appear'd, to fit the closer.
For *Fools are stubborn in their way*;
As *Coins are hardned by th' Allay*:
And Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

These

These two, with others, being met,
And close in Consultation set;
After a discontented pause,
And not without sufficient cause,
The Oratour we mention'd late,
Less troubled with the pangs of State,
Than with his own impatience,
To give himself first Audience,
After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke silence, and the *Ice*.

Quoth he, *There's nothing makes me doubt*
Our last Out-goings brought about,
More than to see the Characters
Of real Jealousies and Fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Members Forehead:
Who, 'cause the Clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of Weather,

Feel

Feel Pangs and Aches of State-turns,
And Revolutions in their Corns;
And, since our Workings out are croſt,
Throw up the Cauſe before 'tis loſt.
Was it to run away, we meant,
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lameſt Cripples of the Brothers
Took Oaths, to run before all others;
But, in their own ſenſe, only ſwore
To ſtrive to run away before;
And now would prove, the Words and Oath
Ingage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true, the Cauſe is in the lurch,
Between a right and mungrel Church,
The Presbyter and Independent,
That ſtickle which ſhall make an end on't:
And 'twas made out to us the laſt
Expedient, — (I mean, Margret's *Faſt)*
When Providence had been ſuborn'd,
What anſwer was to be return'd?

Else why should Tumults fright us now,
We have so many times gone through,
And understand as well to tame,
As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame?
Have prov'd how inconsiderable
Are all Engagements of the Rabble,
Whose Frenzies must be reconcil'd,
With Drums and Rattles like a Child;
But never prov'd so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us.
For all our scouring of Religion
Began with Tumults and Sedition;
When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion
Became strong Motives to Devotion;
(As Carnal Seamen in a Storm
Turn pious Converts and reform;)
When rusty Weapons with chalk'd Edges
Maintain'd our feeble Privileges,
And brown Bills levied in the City
Made Bills to pass the Grand Committee;

When Zeal with aged Clubs and Gleaves
Gave chase to Rochets and White-Sleeves,
And made the Church and State and Laws
Submit t' old Iron and the Cause.
And as we thriv'd by Tumults then,
So might we better now agen,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need.
Tumults by which the Mutinous
Betray themselves instead of us;
The Hollow-hearted Disaffected,
And close Malignant are detected;
Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,
For Pledges to secure our own,
And freely Sacrifice their Ears,
T' appease our Jealousies and Fears.
And yet for all these Providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our senses,
We idly sit, like stupid Block-heads,
Our Hands committed to our Pockets,

And nothing but our Tongue at large,
To get the Wretches a Diſcharge.
Like Men condemn'd to Thunderbolts,
Who, ere the blow, become meer Dolts;
Or Fools beſotted with their Crimes,
That know not how to ſhift betimes.
And neither have the hearts to ſtay,
Nor wit enough to run away.
Who, if we could reſolve on either,
Might ſtand, or fall (at leaſt) together:
No mean nor trivial ſolaces
To Partners in extream diſtreſs,
Who uſe to leſſen their Diſpairs,
By parting them int' equal ſhares;
As if the more there were to bear,
They felt the weight the eaſier;
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.

But

But 'tis not come to that as yet,
If we had Courage left or Wit;
Who, when our Fate can be no worſe,
Are fitted for the braveſt courſe;
Have time to Rally, and prepare
Our laſt and beſt Defence, Deſpair;
Deſpair, by which the gallant'ſt Feats
Have been atchiev'd in greateſt ſtreights,
And horrid'ſt Dangers ſafely wav'd,
By b'ing courageouſly out-brav'd.
As Wounds by wider Wounds are heal'd,
And Poiſons by themſelves expell'd.
And ſo they might be now agen,
If we were, what we ſhould be, Men;
And not ſo dully deſperate,
To ſide againſt our ſelves with Fate:
As Criminals condemn'd to ſuffer,
Are blinded firſt, and then turn'd over.

This comes of Breaking Covenants,
And setting up Exauns of Saints,
That Fine, like Aldermen, for Grace,
To be excus'd the Efficace.
For Spiritual Men are too Transcendent,
That mount their Banks for Independent,
To hang like Mahomet *in th' Air,*
Or St. Ignatius *at his Prayer,*
By pure Geometry, and hate
Dependency on Church or State;
Disdain the Pedantry o' th' Letter,
And since Obedience is better
(The Scripture *says) than Sacrifice,*
Presume the less on't will suffice;
And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
Prescrib'd their peremptory Hints,
Or any Opinion, true or false,
Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals,
But left at large to make their best on,
Without b'ing call'd i' account or quest'on.

Inter-

Interpret all the Spleen reveals,
As Whittington *explain'd the Bells;*
And bid themſelves turn back again
Lord May'rs of New Jeruſalem.
But look ſo big and over-grown,
They ſcorn their Edifiers t' own,
Who taught them all their ſprinkling Leſſons,
Their Tones and ſanctify'd expreſſions;
Beſtow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like Charity on thoſe that want,
And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots,
T' inſpire themſelves with Short hand Notes:
For which they ſcorn and hate them worſe,
Than Dogs and Cats do Sow-gelders.
For who firſt bred them up to Pray,
And Teach, the Houſe of Commons way?
Where had they all their Gifted Phraſes,
But from our Calamies *and* Caſes?

Without whoſe ſprinkling and Sowing,
Who had ere heard of Nye *or* Owen?
Their Diſpenſations had been ſtifled,
But for our Adoniram Biſield.
And had They not begun the War,
Th' had ne'er been Sainted as they are.
For Saints in Peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to Reprobate:
Their Zeal corrupts like ſtanding Water,
In th' Intervals of War and Slaughter;
Abates the ſharpneſs of its Edge,
Without the Pow'r of Sacrilege.
And though th' have Tricks to caſt their Sins,
As eaſie as Serpents do their Skins,
That in a while grow out again,
In Peace they turn meer Carnal Men,
And from the moſt Refin'd of Saint
As naturally grow Miſcreants,
As Barnacles turn Soland-Geeſe
In th' Iſlands of the Orcades.

Their Diſpenſation's but a Ticket,
For their conforming to the Wicked,
With whom their greateſt difference
Lies more in words and ſhew than ſence.
For as the Pope, *that keeps the Gate*
Of Heaven, wears three Crowns in ſtate;
So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,
Proud Cerberus, *wears three Heads as well:*
And, if the World has any troth,
Some have been Canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greateſt harm,
Their Spiritual Gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the over-heated Sots
In Fevers ſtill, like other Goats.
For though the Whore bends Hereticks
With Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks;
Our Schiſmaticks ſo vaſtly differ,
Th' hotter they are, they grow the ſtiffer;
Still ſetting off their ſpiritual goods,
With fierce and pertinacious fewds.

For Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and Rant,
And Independents, to profess
The Doctrine of Dependences;
Turns meek and sneaking Secret ones,
To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody Bones:
And not content with endless quarrels
Against the Wicked and their Morals,
The Gibellins, *for want of* Guelfs,
Divert their Rage upon themselves.
For now the war is not between
The Brethren and the Men of sin;
But Saint and Saint, to Spill the Blood
Of one another's Brotherhood;
Where neither side can lay pretence
To Liberty of Conscience,
Or zealous suffring for the Cause,
To gain one Groats-worth of Applause:
For though endur'd with Resolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to Persecution.

Shall

Shall Precious Saints and Secret ones
Break one another's outward Bones?
And eat the Flesh of Brethren,
Instead of Kings and Mighty Men?
When Friends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater Elves?
When Bell's *at Union with the* Dragon,
And Ball-Peor *Friends with* Dagon,
When Savage Bears agree with Bears,
Shall Secret ones lug Saints by th' Ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common Danger threatens both?
Shall Mastiffs by the Collars pull'd,
Engag'd with Bulls, let go their hold?
And Saints, whose Necks are pawn'd at stake,
No Notice of the Danger take?
But though no Pow'r of Heaven or Hell
Can pacifie Fanatick Zeal;
Who would not guess there might be hopes,
The fear of Gallowses and Ropes

Before

Before their Eyes might reconcile
Their Animosities a while?
At least until th' had a clear Stage,
And equal Freedom to engage,
Without the danger of Surprize
By both our common Enemies?

This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understand their Workings-out.
And know 'em both in Soul and Conscience,
Giv'n up t' as Reprobate a Nonsence,
As Spiritual Out laws whom the Pow'r
Of Miracle can ne'er restore.
We whom at first they set up under,
In Revelation only of Plunder,
Who since have had so many Trials
Of their encroaching Self-denyals,
That took upon us with design
To Out-reform and Undermine;

Took all our Intereſts and Commands
Perfidiouſly out of our hands;
Involv'd us in the Guilt of Blood,
Without the Motive gains allow'd,
And made us ſerve as Miniſterial,
Like younger Sons of Father Belial.

And yet for all th' inhumane wrong
Th' had done us and the Cauſe ſo long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work ſtill, as we had begun:
But true and Faithfully obey'd,
And neither Preach'd them hurt, nor Pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers;
Nor put them to the Charge of Gaols,
To find us Pillories and Cart-tails,
Or Hangman's Wages, which the State
Was forc'd (before them) to be at,

That cut like Tallies to the Stumps
Our Ears for keeping true Accompts,
And burnt our Veſſels, like a New
Seal'd Peck or Buſhel, for li'ing true.
But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held forth the Cauſe againſt all others,
Diſdaining equally to yield
One Syllable of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward Men:
Our inward Men and conſtant Frame
Of Spirit ſtill were near the ſame.
And till they firſt began to Cant,
And ſprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne'er had Call in any place,
Nor dream'd of Teaching down Free Grace;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Againſt the Common Enemy:
Although 'twas our and their Opinion,
Each other's Church was but a Rimmon.

And

And yet for all this Gospel-Union,
And outward shew of Church Communion,
They'l ne'er admit us to our shares,
Of Ruling Church or State-Affairs;
Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
T' our own Conditions of Repentance:
But shar'd our Dividend o' th' Crown
We had so painfully Preach'd down;
And forc'd us, though against the Grain,
T' have Calls to teach it up again.
For 'twas but Justice to Restore
The Wrongs we had receiv'd before;
And when 'twas held forth in our way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay:
Who for the Right w' have done the Nation,
Have earn'd our Temporal Salvation,
And put our Kessels in a way,
Once more to came again in Play.
For if the turning of us out,
Has brought this Providence about,

And

And that our only Suffering
Is able to bring in the King:
What would our Actions not have done,
Had we been suffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a share
At least in carrying on th' Affair.
But whether that be so or not,
W' have done enough to have it thought;
And that's as good as if w' had don't,
And easier past upon account.
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as justify'd.
The World is nat'rally averse
To all the Truth it sees or hears,
But swallows Nonsence and a Lye,
With greediness and gluttony;
And though it have the Pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the wrong:
As VVomen long, when th' are with Child,
For things extravagant and wild,

For

For Meats ridiculous, and fulsom,
But seldom any thing that's wholsom;
And, like the World, Men's Jobbernoles
Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles;
And what th' are confidently told,
By no sense else can be controll'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means,
Once more to hedge in Providence.
For, as Relapses make Diseases
More desp'rate than their first Accesses;
If we but get again in Pow'r,
Our Work is easier, than before;
And we more ready and expert
I' th' Mystery, to do our Part.
We, who did rather undertake
The first War to create, than make:
And when of Nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd Funds as strange, to carry't on;

Trepann'd the State, and fac'd it down,
Wits Plots and Projects of our own:
And if we did such Feats at first,
What can we now w'are better vers'd;
Who have a freer Latitude
Than Sinners give themselves, allow'd?
And therefore likeliest to bring in
On fairest Terms, our discipline.
To which it was reveal'd long since,
We were ordain'd by Providence:
When Three Saints Ears, our Predecessors,
The Cause's Primitive Confessors,
B'ing Crucified, the Nation stood
In just so many Tears of Blood:
That multipli'd by Six, *expres'd*
The perfect number of the Beast.
And prov'd that we must be the Men,
To bring this work about again:
And those who laid the first Foundation,
Compleat the thorow Reformation;

For

For who have Gifts to carry on
So great a Work, but we alone?
What Churches have such able Pastors?
And Precious, Powerful, Preaching Masters?
Possess'd with Absolute Dominions,
O'er Brethrens Purses and Opinions?
And trusted with the Double Keys
Of Heaven, and their Ware-houses,
Who, when the Cause is in Distress,
Can furnish out what Sums they please,
That Brooding lie in Bankers Hands,
To be dispos'd at their Commands:
And daily increase and multiply,
With Doctrine, Use and Usury.
Can fetch in Parties (as in War,
All other Heads of Cattle are;)
From th' Enemy of all Religions,
As well as High and Low Conditions,
And share them from Blue Ribbands down,
To all Blue Aprons in the Town.

From Ladies hurried in Calleches,
With Cornets at their Footmens Breeches,
To Bawds as Fat as Mother Nab,
All Guts and Belly like a Crab.
Our Party's great, and better ti'd
With Oaths, and Trade, than any side:
Has one conſiderable Improvement,
To double fortifie the Cov'nant:
I mean our Covenants to purchaſe,
Delinquents Titles, and the Churches:
That paſs in Sale, from Hand, to Hand,
Among our ſelves, for Current Land,
And Riſe or Fall, like Indian *Actions,*
According to the Rate of Factions,
Our beſt Reſerve for Reformation,
When New Outgoings give occaſion:
That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their Creed) t' aſſert:
And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,
Will once more try th' Expedient,

Who

Who can already muſter Friends,
To ſerve for Members, to our Ends:
That repreſent no part o' th' Nation,
But Fiſher's-Folly *Congregation:*
Are only Tools to our Intrigues,
And ſit like Geeſe to hatch our Eggs:
Who, by their Precedents of Wit,
T' out faſt, out-leiter, and out-ſit:
Can order matters under hand,
To put all Buſineſs to a ſtand:
Lay Publick Bills aſide, for Private,
And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the Great and Neceſſary,
With Trifles to conteſt and vary;
And make the Nation repreſent,
And ſerve for us in Parliament;
Cut out more Work than can be done
On Plato's *Year; but finiſh none,*
Unleſs it be the Bulls of Lenthal,
That always paſt for Fundamental.

Can set up Grandee against Grandee,
To squander time away, and Bandy.
Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges
To one another's Privileges;
And, rather than compound the Quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their Ruins; th' only Scope
And Consolation of our Hope:
Who, though we do not play the Game,
Assist as much by giving Aim.
Can introduce our ancient Arts,
For Heads of Factions, t' act their Parts,
Know what a Leading Voice is worth;
A Seconding, a Third, or Fourth:
How much a Casting Vote comes to,
That turns up Trump, of I, or No;
And by adjusting all at th' End,
Share ev'ry one his Dividend.
An Art that so much Study cost,
And now's in danger to be lost;

Unless

Unleſs our Ancient Virtuoſo's,
That found it out, get into th' Houſes.
Theſe are the Courſes that we took
To carry things, by Hook or Crook:
And practis'd down from Forty four,
Until they turn'd us out of Door;
Beſides the Herds of Bouteſeus,
We ſet on work, without the Houſe.
When ev'ry Knight and Citizen
Kept Legiſlative Journey-men,
To bring them in Intelligence
From all Points of the Rabbles Senſe;
And fill the Lobbies of both Houſes
With Politick Important Buzzes:
Set up Committees of Cabals,
To pack Deſigns without the Walls.
Examine, and draw up all News,
And fit it to our preſent Uſe.
Agree upon the Plot o'th' Farce,
And every one his Part rehearſe.

Make Q's of Answers, to way-lay
What th'other Parties like to say:
What Repartees, and smart Reflections
Shall be return'd to all Objections:
And who shall break the Master-Jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest:
Help Pamphlets out, with safe Editions,
Of Proper Slanders and Seditions:
And Treason for a Token send,
By Letter, to a Country Friend.
Disperse Lampoons, the only Wit,
That Men, like Burglary, commit:
Wit, falser than a Padder's Face,
That all its Owner does, betrays:
Who therefore dare not trust it, when
He's in his Calling, to be seen.
Disperse the Dung on Barren Earth,
To bring new Weeds of Discord forth.
Be sure to keep up Congregations,
In spight of Laws and Proclamations;

For Chiarlatans can do no good,
Until th'are mounted in a Crowd:
And when th'are puniſh'd, all the Hurt
Is but to fare the better for't;
As long as Confeſſors are ſure
Of double Pay for all th' endure:
And what they earn in Perſecution,
Are paid t' a Groat in Contribution.
Whence ſome Tub-holders forth have made
In Powdring-Tubs, their richeſt Trade:
And while they kept their Shops in Priſon,
Have found their Prices ſtraugly riſen.
Diſdain to own the leaſt Regret
For all the Chriſtian Blood w'have let;
'Twill ſave our Credit, and maintain
Our Title to do ſo again:
That needs not coſt one Dram of Senſe,
But Pertinacious Impudence:
Our Conſtancy t'our Principles,
In time, will wear out all things elſe;

Like Marble Statues, rub'd to pieces,
With Gallantry of Pilgrim's Kiſſes:
While thoſe who turn and wind their Oaths
Have ſwell'd, and ſunk like other Froths.
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long,
Before from World to World they ſwung;
As they had turn'd from ſide, to ſide;
And as the Changlings liv'd they died.

This ſaid; the impatient States-Monger
Could now contain himſelf no longer;
Who had not ſpar'd to ſhew his Picques,
Againſt th' Harangues Politicks?
With ſmart Remarks of Leering Faces,
And Annotations of Grimaces,
After h'had miniſtred a Doſe
Of Snuff-Mundungus, *to his Noſe;*
And powder'd th' inſide of his Skull,
Inſtead of th' outward Jobbernol;

He

He ſhook it with a ſcornful Look
On th' Adverſary, and thus he ſpoke:
In Dreſſing a Calf's Head although
The Tongue and Braine together go,
Both keep ſo great a diſtance here,
'Tis ſtrange, if ever they come near:
For, who did ever play his Gambols,
With ſuch unſufferable Rambles?
To make the bringing in the King,
And keeping of him out, one thing?
Which none can do, but thoſe who ſwore
T' as Point blank Non-ſenſe heretofore:
That to Defend was to Invade,
And to Aſſaſſinate, to Aid:
Vnleſs becauſe you drove him out,
(And that was never made a Doubt)
No Pow'r is able to reſtore
And bring him in but on your Score.
A Spiritual Doctrine, that conduces
Moſt properly, to all your Vſes.

'Tis

'Tis true, a Scorpion's Oyl is said
To cure the Wounds the Vermine made;
And Weapons dreſs'd with Salves, reſtore
And heal the Hurts they gave before:
But whether Presbyterians have
So much Good Nature as the Slave,
Or Virtue in them as the Vermine,
Thoſe who have tri'd 'em can determine.
Indeed, 'tis pity you ſhould miſs
Th' Arrears of all your Services,
And for th' Eternal Obligation
I' have laid upon th' Ungrateful Nation:
B' us'd ſo unconſcionable hard,
As not to find a Juſt Reward.
For letting Rapine looſe, and Murther,
To rage juſt ſo far, but no further:
And ſetting all the Land on fire,
To burn t' a Scantling, but no higher:
For ven'tring to aſſaſſinate,
And cut the Throats of Church and State:

And

And not be allow'd the fitteſt Men
To take the Charge of both agen.
Eſpecially, that have the Grace
Of Self-denying, Gifted Face;
Who, when your Projects have miſcarri'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-head,
On thoſe you painfully trepann'd,
And ſprinkled in at Second Hand,
As we have been to ſhare the Guilt
Of Chriſtian Blood, devoutly ſpilt;
For ſo our Ignorance was flam'd,
To damn our ſelves, t' avoid being damn'd:
Till finding your old Foe, the Hang-man,
Was like to lurch you at Back-Gammon;
And win your Necks upon the Set,
As well as ours, who did but Bet:
(For he had drawn your Ears before,
And nick'd 'em on the ſelf ſame Score:)
We threw the Box and Dice away,
Before y' had loſt us at foul Play:

And

And brought you down to Rook, and Lye,
And Fancy only, on the By.
Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernoles,
From pearching upon lofty Poles:
And reſcued all your Outward Traitors
From hanging up like Allegators:
For which ingeniouſly y' have ſhew'd
Your Presbyterian Gratitude:
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one Rope behind.
Thoſe were your Motives to diviſe,
And ſcruple, on the other ſide,
To Turn your Zealous Frauds, and Force,
To Fits of Conſcience and Remorſe.
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for New again:
For Truth no more unveil'd your Eyes,
Than Maggots are convinc'd to Flies:
And therefore, all your Lights and Calls
Are but Apocryphal, and Falſe,

To charge us with the Consequences
Of all your Native Insolences.
That to your own Imperious Wills,
Laid Law and Gospel Neck and Heels:
Corrupted the Old Testament,
To serve the New for Precedent:
T' amend its Errors and Defects,
With Murther and Rebellion-Texts:
Of which there is not any one
In all the Book, to fow upon:
And therefore (from your Tribe) the Jews
Held Christian Doctrine forth and Use:
As Mahomet *(your Chief) began*
To Mix them in the Alchoran:
Denounc'd, and pray'd, with Fierce Devotion,
And bended Elbows on the Cushion:
Stole from the Beggars all your Tones,
And Gifted Mortifying Groans:
Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,
As Pigs are said to see the Wind:

Fill'd

By whom you have been so oft trepan'd,
And held forth out of all Command:
Out gifted, Out-impuls'd, Out-done,
And Out-reveal'd at Carryings on,
Of all your Dispensations Worm'd,
Out-providenc'd, and Out-reform'd,
Ejected out of Church, and State,
And all things, but the Peoples Hate:
And spirited out of th' Enjoyments;
Of precious, edifying Employments;
By those who lodg'd their Gifts and Graces,
Like better Bowlers, in our Places.
All which you bore, with Resolution,
Charg'd on th' Account of Persecution:
And though, most righteously oppress,
Against your Will, still acquiest:
And never Hum'd and Hah'd Sedition,
Nor snuffled Treason, nor Misprision.
That is, because you never durst;
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,

Alas,

Alas, you were no longer able
To raiſe your Poſſe of the Rabble:
One ſingle Red Coat Sentinel
Out charm'd the Magick of the Spell;
And with his Squirt fire, could diſperſe
Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd, and Verſe:
We know too well thoſe tricks of yours
To leave it ever in your Powers:
Or truſt our Safeties, or Undoings,
To your Diſpoſing of Our goings;
Or to your Ordering Providence,
One farthings-worth of Conſequence.

For, had you Pow'r to undermine,
Or Wit to carry a Deſign,
Or Correſpondence, to trepan,
Inveagle, or betray one Man;
There's nothing elſe that intervenes,
And bars your Zeal to uſe the means.

And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in Kings, or keep them out:
Brave undertakers to reſtore,
That could not keep your ſelves in pow'r,
T' advance the Intereſts of the Crown,
That wanted Wit to keep your own.

Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth
To wrong ye) done your Parts, in Both;
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
For 'twas your zealous want of Sence,
And ſanctifi'd impertinence:
Your carrying buſineſs in a Huddle;
That forc'd our Rulers to New Model;
Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you, Root and Branch, all out;
To Reformado, One and All,
T' your Great Croyſado, *General.*

Your

Your greedy Jaws ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your Clutches Pow'r:
That sprung the Game you were to sets,
Before y' had time to draw the Net:
Your spight to see the Churches Lands
Divided into other Hands,
And all your Sacrilegious Ventures,
Laid out on Tickets and Debentures;
Your Envy to be sprinkled down,
By under Churches in the Town;
And no Course us'd to stop their Mouths,
Nor th' Independants spreading Growths.
All which consider'd, 'tis most true,
None bring him in so much as you:
Who have prevail'd, beyond their Plots,
Their Midnight Junto's, and seal'd Knots;
That thrive more by your Zealous Piques,
Than all their own rash Politicks.
And this way you may claim a Share,
In carrying (as you brag) th' Affair;

Else Frogs, and Toads, that crouck'd the Jews,
From Pharo, *and his Brick-kilns loose:*
And Flies, and Mange, that set them free,
From Task-Masters, and Slavery;
Were likelier to do the Feat,
In any indiff'rent Man's Conceit;
For who ere heard of Restoration,
Until your thorough Reformation?
That is, the King's and Churches Lands
Were sequestred int' other Hands:
For, only then, and not before,
Your Eyes were opened to restore.
And when the Work was carrying on,
Who crost it, but your selves alone?
As, by a World of Hints, appears,
All plain, and extant, as your Ears.
But first o'th' first, The Isle of Wight
Will rise up, if you should deny't;
Where Henderson, *and th'other Masses,*
Were sent to cap Texts, and put Cases:

To pass for Deep and Learned Scholars;
Although but Paltry, Ob *and* Sollers:
As if th' unseasonable Fools
Had been a Coursing in the Schools;
Until th' had prov'd the Devil Author
O' th' Covenant; and the Cause, his Daughter:
For, when they charg'd him with the Guilt
Of all the Blood that had been spilt;
They did not mean, He wrought th' Effusion
In Person, like Sir Pride, *or* Hughson;
But only those, who first begun
The Quarrel, were by him set on.
And who could those be but the Saints,
Those Reformation-Termagants?
But ere this past, the wise Debate
Spent so much time, it grew too late;
For Oliver *had gotten Ground,*
T' enclose them, with his Warriers, round:
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd the untimely Sophists out.

Nor had the Uxbridge *buſineſs leſs*
Of Nonſence in't, and ſottiſhneſs,
When from a Scoundrel Holder forth,
The Scum, as well as Son o' th' Earth,
Your Mighty Senators took Law
At his Command, were forc'd t' withdraw;
And ſacrifice the Peace o' th' Nation
To Doctrine, Uſe and Application.
So when the Scots, your conſtant Cronies,
Th' Eſpouſers of your Cauſe, and Monies:
Who had ſo often, in your Aid,
So many ways been ſoundly paid:
Came in at laſt, for better Ends,
To prove themſelves your truſty Friends,
You baſely left them, and the Church,
Th' had train'd you up to, in the Lurch,
And ſuffer'd your own Tribe of Chriſtians
To fall before, as true Philiſtines.
This ſhews what Utenſils y' have been,
To bring the King's Concernments in,

Which

Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you.
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just:
Such as will punctually repay
With double Interest, and betray.

Not that I think those Pantomimes,
Who vary Action with the Times:
Are less ingenious in their Art,
Than those who dully act one Part;
Or those who turn from Side, to Side;
More guilty than the Wind and Tide.
All Countries are a Wise Man's Home,
And so are Governments to some,
Who Change them for the same Intrigues
That States-Men use in breaking Leagues:
While others in Old Faiths and Troths,
Look odd as in Out-of-fashion'd Cloaths:

And

And nastier, in an old Opinion,
Than those who never shift their Linen.

For true and Faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the Game goes:
And whether Parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.
While Pow'r usurp'd like stoln delight,
Is more bewitching than the Right.
And when the Times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the Halter.

And so may we, if w' have but sense
To use the necessary Means,
And not your usual Stratagems
On one another, Lights and Dreams.
To stand on Terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give:
Set up the Covenant on Crutches,
Gainst those who have us in their Clutches;

And

And dream of pulling Churches down,
Before w' are sure to prop our own:
Your constant Method of Proceeding,
Without the Carnal Means of Heeding:
Who, 'twixt your Inward Sense, and Outward,
Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred.

I grant, All Courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again;
The only way that's left us now,
But all the difficulty's, How?
'Tis true! w' have Money, th' only Pow'r
That all Mankind falls down before:
Money, that, like the Swords of Kings,
Is the last Reason of all things.
And therefore, need not doubt our Play
Has all advantages that way;
As long as men have Faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well.

Whose half starv'd Pride and Avarice,
One Church and State will not suffice,
T' expose to Sale; beside the Wages
Of storing Plagues to after Ages.
Nor is our Money less our own,
Than 'twas before we laid it down:
For 'twill return, and turn t' Account,
If we are brought in Play upon't;
Or, but by Casting Knaves, get in,
What Pow'r can hinder us to win?
We know the Arts we us'd before,
In Peace and War, and something more:
And by th' unfortunate Events,
Can mend our next Experiments.
For, when w' are taken into Trust,
How easie are the Wisest chous'd?
Who see but th' out-sides of our Feats,
And not their secret Springs and Weights;
And while th' are busie at their ease,
Can carry what Designs we please:

How

How eaſie is't to ſerve for Agents,
To proſecute our old Engagements?
To keep the Good Old Cauſe on Foot,
And preſent Power from taking Root?
Inflame them both with falſe Alarms,
Of Plots, and Parties, taking Arms;
To keep the Nation's Wounds too wide
For healing up of Side to Side,
Profeſs the paſſionat'ſt Concerns,
For both their Intereſts, by Turns.
The only way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none;
(As Bowls run true, by being made
Of purpoſe falſe, and to be ſway'd).
For, if we ſhould be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together:
And therefore have no other Means,
To ſtand upon our own Defence;
But keeping up our Ancient Party
In Vigor, Confident, and Hearty:

To reconcile our late Diſſenters,
Our Brethren, though by other Ventures,
Unite them, and their diff'rent Maggots,
As long and ſhort Sticks are in Faggots.
And make them joyn again as cloſe,
As when they firſt began t' Eſpouſe;
Erect them into Separate,
New Jewiſh Tribes, in Church and State;
To joyn in Marriage and Commerce,
And only 'mong themſelves Converſe.
And all that are not of their Mind,
Make Enemies to all Mankind:
Take all Religions in and ſtickle,
From Conclave, down to Conventicle;
Agreeing ſtill, or diſagreeing,
According to the Light in Being.
Sometimes, for Liberty of Conſcience,
And Spiritual Miſ-rule, in one Senſe:
But in another quite contrary,
As Diſpenſations chance to vary:

And

And ſtand for, as the Times will bear it,
All Contradictions of the Spirit:
Protect their Emiſſaries, impow'r'd
To preach Sedition and the Word;
And when th' are hamper'd by the Laws,
Releaſe the Lab'rers for the Cauſe;
And turn the Perſecution back,
On thoſe that made the firſt Attack.

To keep them equally in awe,
From breaking, or maintaining Law;
And when they have their Fits too ſoon,
Before the Full-Tides of the Moon;
Put off their Zeal t' a fitter Seaſon,
For ſowing Faction in, and Treaſon;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like Hawks from bating on their Perches.
That when the Bleſſed Time ſhall come,
Of quitting Babylon *and* Rome,

They may be ready to reſtore
Their own Fifth-Monarchy, *once more;*
Mean while, be better Arm'd to Fence,
Againſt Revolts of Providence;
By watching narrowly, and ſnapping
All blind ſides of it, as they happen:
For, if Succeſs could make us Saints,
Our Ruin turn'd us Miſcreants:
A Scandal that would fall too hard
Upon a Few, and unprepar'd.

Theſe are the Courſes we muſt run,
Spight of our Hearts, or be undone:
And not to ſtand on Terms and Freaks,
Before we have ſecur'd our Necks.
But do your Work, as out of ſight,
As Stars by Day and Suns by Night:
All Licence of the People own,
In oppoſition to the Crown.

And

And for the Crown as fiercely ſide,
The Head and Body to divide;
The end of all we firſt deſign'd,
And all that yet remains behind:
Be ſure to ſpare no publick Rapine,
On all Emergencies that happen;
For 'tis as eaſie to ſupplant
Authority, as Men in want:
As ſome of us, in truſts, have made
The one hand with the other Trade;
Gain'd vaſtly, by their Joint-Endeavour:
The Right a Thief, the Left Receiver:
And what the one, by tricks, foreſtall'd,
The other, by as ſly, Retail'd.
For Gain has wonderful Effects,
T' improve the Factory of Sects;
The Rule of Faith in all Profeſſions,
And great Diana *of the* Epheſians:
Whence turning of Religion's made
The means to turn and wind a Trade.

And though some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a Course;
And draw in store of Customers,
To thrive the better in Commerce:
For, all Religions flock together,
Like Tame, and Wild Fowl of a Feather;
To nab the Itches of their Sects:
As Jades do one another's Necks.
Hence 'tis, Hypocrysie, as well
Will serve t' improve a Church, as Zeal:
As Persecution, or Promotion,
Do equally advance Devotion.

Let Business, like ill Watches, go
Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow:
For things in order are put out
So easie, Ease it self will do't.
But when the Feat's design'd and meant,
What Miracle can bar th' event?

For 'tis more easie to betray,
Than ruin any other way.

All possible Occasions start,
The Weighty'st Matters to divert:
Obstruct, Perplex, Distract, Intangle,
And lay perpetual Trains to wrangle:
But in Affairs of less import,
That neither do us Good nor Hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and Out-comply:
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our Hooks for greater Trust.

But still be careful to cry down
All publick Actions, though our own:
The least Miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State:
Express the horrid'st Detestation,
And pity the distracted Nation.

Tell Stories, ſcandalous and falſe,
I' th' proper Language of Cabals:
Where all a ſubtil States man ſays
Is half in words, and half in Face:
(As Spaniards talk in Dialogues,
Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)
Entruſt it under ſolemn Vows
Of Mum and ſilence, and the Roſe,
To be Retail'd again in Whiſpers,
For th' eaſie credulous to diſperſe.

Thus far the Statef-man. When a Shout,
Heard at a diſtance, put him out;
And ſtraight another, all agaſt,
Ruſh'd in with equal Fear and Haſte:
Who ſtar'd about, as pale as Death,
And for a while, *as out of Breath*;
Till having gather'd up his Wits,
He thus began his Tale by fits.

That

That beastly Rabble,——that came down
From all the Garrets——in the Town,
And Stalls, and Shop boards——in vast Swarms,
With new chalk'd Bills,——and rusty Arms,
To cry the Cause——up, heretofore,
And hawl the Bishops——out of Door;
Are now drawn up,——in greater Shoals,
To Roast——and Boil us on the Coals:
And all the Grandees——of our Members
Are Carbonading on——the Embers;
Knights, Citizens and Burgesses——
Held forth by Rumps——of Pigs and Geese.
That serve for Characters——and Badges,
To represent their Personages.
Each Bone fire is a Funeral Pile,
In which they Roast, and Scorch, and Broil;
And ev'ry Representative
Have vow'd to Roast——and Broil alive;

And 'tis a Miracle, we are not
Already ſacrific'd Incarnate.
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
W' are Gryll'd all at Temple-Bar:
Some, on the Sign-Poſt of an Ale-houſe,
Hang in Effigie, on the Gallows,
Made up of Rags, to perſonate
Reſpective Officers of State;
That henceforth they may ſtand reputed,
Proſcrib'd in Law, and Executed,
And while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready Liſted under Dun;
That Worthy Patriot, once the Bellows,
And Tinder-box of all his Fellows.
The activ'ſt Member of the Five,
As well as the moſt Primitive:
Who, for his faithful Service then,
Is choſen for a Fifth agen;
(For, ſince the State has made a Quint
Of Generals, he's liſted in't.)

This

This Worthy, as the World will say,
Is paid in Specie, his own way;
For moulded to the Life in Clouts,
Th' have pick'd from Dung-hills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a Hazel Bavin,
A crop'd Maligant Baker gave 'em:
And, to the largeſt Bonefire riding,
Th' have roaſted Cook *already, and* Pride-m.
On whom, in Equipage, and State,
His Scare-crow Fellow Members wait;
And March in Order, two and two,
As at Thanksgiving th' us'd to do:
Each in a tatter'd Taliſmane,
Like Vermine in Effigie ſlain.

But (what's more dreadful than the reſt)
Thoſe Rumps are but the Tail o' th' Beaſt;
Set up by Popiſh Engineers:
As by the Crackers plainly appears:

For, none but Jesuits have a Mission,
To preach the Faith with Ammunition;
And propagate the Church with Powder,
Their Founder was a blown up Soldier.
These Spiritual Pioneers o' th' Whores,
That have the Charge of all her Stores;
Since first they fail'd in their Designs,
To take in Heav'n by springing Mines;
And with unanswerable Barrels
Of Gun-powder, dispute their Quarrels:
Now take a Course more practicable,
By laying Trains to fire the Rabble,
And blow us up in th' open Streets;
Disguis'd in Rumps, like Sambenitis;
More like to Ruin and Confound,
Than all their Doctrines under ground.

Nor have they chosen Rumps amiss,
For Symbols of State-Mysteries;

Though

Though some suppose, 'twas but a shew
How much they scorn'd the Saints, The Few;
Who, 'cause th' are wasted to the Stumps,
Are represented best by Rumps.
But Jesuits have deeper Reaches
In all their Politick Far-fetches:
And from their Coptick Priest, Kirkerus,
Found out this Mystick way to jear us.

For, as the Ægyptians us'd, by Bees,
T' express their Antick Ptolomies;
And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,
Held forth Authority and Pow'r:
Because these subtil Animals
Bear all their Int'rests in their Tails;
And when th' are once impar'd in that,
Are banish'd their Well order'd State:
They thought, all Governments were best,
By Hieroglyphick Rumps express.

For as in Bodies Natural,
The Rump's the Fundament of all;
So, in a Commonwealth, or Realm,
The Government is call'd the Helm:
With which, like Veſſels under Sail,
Th' are turn'd and winded by the Tail.
The Tail, which Birds and Fiſhes ſteer
Their Courſes with, through Sea and Air;
To whom the Rudder of the Rump is
The ſame thing with the Stern and Compaſs.
This ſhews, how perfectly the Rump
And Commonwealth in Nature jump.
For, as a Fly, that goes to Bed,
Reſts with his Tail above his Head;
So in this Mungrel State of ours,
The Rabble are the Supreme Powers,
That Hors'd us on their Backs to ſhow us
A Jadiſh trick at laſt, and throw us.

The Learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write, there's a Bone, which they call Luez,
I' th' Rump of Man, of such a Vertue,
No force in Nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the last Great Day,
All th' other Members shall, they say,
Spring out of this, as from a Seed,
All sorts of Vegetals proceed:
From whence, the Learned Sons of Art,
Os Sacrum, *justly stile that part.*

Then what can better represent,
Than this Rump bone, the Parliament?
That after several rude Ejections,
And as prodigious Resurrections;
With new Reversions of nine Lives,
Starts up, and, like a Cat, revives?

But now, alas, th' are all expir'd,
And th' House, as well as Members, fir'd;
Conſum'd in Kennels, by the Rout,
With which they other Fires put out:
Condemn'd t' ungoverning Diſtreſs,
And Paultry, Private Wretchedneſs:
Worſe than the Devil to Privation,
Beyond all hopes of Reſtauration;
And parted like the Body and Soul,
From all Dominion and Controul.

We, who could lately, with a Look,
Enact, Eſtabliſh, or Revoke;
Whoſe Arbitrary Nods gave Law,
And Frowns kept multitudes in Awe:
Before the Bluſter of whoſe Huff,
All Hats, as in a Storm, flew off.
Ador'd and bow'd to by the Great,
Down to the Foot-man, and Valet.

Had

Had more bent Knees than Chappel-Mats,
And Prayers, than the Crowns of Hats;
Shall now be ſcorn'd as wretchedly,
For Ruin's juſt as low as high;
Which might be ſuffer'd, were it all
The Horrour, that attends our Fall:
For, ſome of us have Scores more large
Than Heads and Quarters can diſcharge:
And others who, by reſtleſs ſcraping,
With Publick Frauds, and Private Rapine;
Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amaſs'd,
Would gladly lay down all at laſt:
And to be but undone, Entail
Their Veſſels on perpetual Jail;
And bleſs the Devil to let them Farms
Of forfeit Souls, on no worſe Terms.

This ſaid, A near and louder Shout
Put all th' Aſſembly to the Rout:

Who now begun t' out-run their fear,
As Horſes do, from thoſe that bear:
But crouded on, with ſo much haſte,
Until th' had block'd the Paſſage faſt;
And Barricado'd it with Haunches
Of Outward Men, and Bulks, and Paunches:
That with their ſhoulders ſtrove to ſqueeze,
And rather ſave a Cripled piece
Of all their cruſh'd and broken Members,
Than have them Grillied on the Embers:
Still preſſing on with heavy Packs,
Of one another, on their Backs:
The Van Guard could no longer bear
The Charges of the Forlorne Rere;
But born down head long by the Rout,
Were trampled ſorely under Foot.
Yet nothing prov'd ſo formidable,
As the horrid Cookery of the Rabble:
And Fear that keeps all Feeling out,
As leſſer Pains are, by the Gout,

Re

Reliev'd 'em with a freſh Supply
Of rallied Force, enough to fly;
And beat a Tuſcan Running Horſe,
Whoſe Jocky-Rider is all Spurs.

CANTO III.

The ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's Prodigious Flight,
To quit th' Inchanted Bow'r by Night:
He plods to turn his Amorous Suit
T' a Plea in Law, and proſecute:
Repairs to Counſel, to 'adviſe
'Bout managing the Enterprize:
But firſt Reſolves to try by Letter,
And once more fair Addreſs, to get her.

WHo would believe what ſtrange *Bugbears*
Mankind creates it ſelf, of *Fears*?
That ſpring like Fern, that Inſect Weed,
Equivocally, without Seed;

And

And have no possible Foundation,
But meerly in th' Imagination:
And yet can do more dreadful Feats,
Than Hags, with all their *Imps and Teats*:
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their *Nurseries of Elves*.
For fear does things so like a Witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which,
Sets up Communities of Senses,
To chop and change Intelligences;
As *Rosi-crusian Virtuoso's*,
Can see with *Ears*, and hear with *Noses*:
And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both suppli'd by Fear;
That makes 'em in the dark *see Visions*,
And hag themselves with *Apparitions*:
And when their Eyes discover least,
Discern the subt'lest Objects best.
Do things not contrary alone
To th' Course of Nature, but its own:

The

The Courage of the Braveſt daunt,
And turn Pultroons as valiant;
For Men as reſolute appear
With too much, as too little Fear.
And when th' are out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from Death by dying:
Or turn again to ſtand it out,
And thoſe they fled, like Lions Rout.
This *Hudibras* had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies, left Perdue,
And haunted with Detachments, ſent
From *Marſhal-Legion's Regiment*;
Was by a *Fiend*, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and Reſcu'd with a Cheat:
When nothing but himſelf and fear
Was both the *Imps and Conjurer*:
As by the Rules o' th' *Vertuoſi*,
It follows in due *Form of Poſie*.

Disguis'd in all the Masks of Night,
We left our Champion on his flight:
At *Blind man's Buff*, to grope his way,
In equal fear *of Night and Day*:
Who took his dark and desp'rate Course,
He knew no better than his Horse;
And by an unknown Devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled.
He never was in greater need,
Nor less Capacity of Speed.
Disabled both in Man and Beast,
To fly, and run away, *his best*;
To keep the Enemy, and Fear,
From equal falling on his Rere.
And though with Kicks and bangs he ply'd
The further, and the nearer side:
(As *Sea-men* ride with all their force,
And *Tug* as if they *Rowed the Horse*;

And when the Hackney Sails moſt ſwift,
Believe they *lag*, or *run a drift*)
So though he poſted e'er ſo faſt:
His Fear was greater than this *Haſte*:
For fear though fleeter than the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the Morn began to appear,
And ſhift *t' another Scene* his Fear;
He found his new Officious *Shade*,
That came ſo timely to his Aid:
And forc'd him from the Foe t' eſcape,
Had turn'd it ſelf to *Ralpho's ſhape*;
So like in *Perſon, Garb and Pitch*,
'Twas hard t' interpret *which was which*.

For *Ralpho* had no ſooner told
The Lady all he had t' unfold,
But ſhe convey'd him out of ſight,
To entertain the approaching Knight.

And while he gave himself Diversion,
T' accommodate his *Beast and Person*;
And put his *Beard* into a Posture,
At best advantage to accost her:
She order'd th' *Antimasquerade*,
(For his Reception) *aforesaid*:
But when the *Ceremony* was done,
The *Lights put out, and Furies gone*;
And *Hudibras*, amongst the rest,
Convey'd away, as *Ralpho* guess'd:
The wretched Caitiff all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his Story to himself;
The Knight mistook him for an Elf.
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at *Ralph's* Outward Man:
And thought, because they oft agreed,
T' appear in one another's stead,
And act the *Saint's* and *Devil's* Part,
With undistinguishable Art.

They

They might have done so now perhaps,
And put on one another's Shapes;
And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out;
What art? My Squire, or that bold Sprite,
That took his Place and Shape to Night?
Some busie Independent Pug?
Retainer to his Synagogue?
Alas, quoth he, *I'm none of those*
Your Bosom Friends, as you suppose;
But Ralph *himself, your trusty Squire,*
Wh' has drag'd your Worship out o' th' Mire;
And from the Inchantments of a Widow,
Wh' had turn'd you int' a Beast, have freed you,
And, though a Prisoner of War,
Have brought you safe, where now you are.
Which you would gratefully repay,
Your constant Presbyterian way.
That's stranger (quoth the Knight) *and stranger:*
Who gave thee notice of my danger?

Quoth he, *Th' Infernal Conjurer*
Pursu'd and took me Prisoner;
And knowing you were here about,
Brought me along, to find you out.
Where I, in Hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they said and did,
And though they lay to him the Pageant,
I did not see him, nor his Agent;
Who play'd their Sorceries out of sight,
T' avoid a fiercer, second Fight.

But, didst thou see no Devils then?
Not one, quoth he, *but Carnal Men,*
A little worse than Fiends in Hell,
And that She Devil, Jezabel;
That laugh'd and teh-hed with derision,
To see them take your Deposition.
What then (quoth *Hudibras*) was he,
That plaid the Dev'l, to examine me?

A Ral-

A Rallying Weaver in the Town,
That did it in a Parson's Gown:
Whom all the Parish takes for gifted;
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it:
In which you told them all your Fears,
Your Conscientious Frauds and Cheats,
Deny'd your Whipping, and confess'd
The naked Truth of all the rest,
More plainly than the Reverend Writer,
That to our Churches veil'd his Mitre.
All which they took in Black and White,
And cudgel'd me to under write.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone;
To act the Devil, and forbear
To rid me of my *Hellish Fear?*
Quoth he, *I knew your constant Rate,*
And Frame of Sp'rite, too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon
With any Motives of my own:

And therefore ſtrove to counterfeit
The Dev'l a while, to Nick your Wit:
The Devil, that is your conſtant Crony,
That only can prevail upon ye;
Elſe we might ſtill have been diſputing,
And they with weighty Drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find
Th' had left the Enemy behind;
And ſaw no farther harm remain,
But feeble Wearineſs and Pain;
Perceiv'd, by loſing of their Way,
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the Day;
And by declining of the Road,
They had by chance their Rere made good,
He ventur'd to diſmiſs his *Fear*,
That parting's wont to *Rent and Tear*,
And gives the deſperat'ſt Attack
To danger ſtill behind its Back.

For,

For, having paus'd to recollect,
And on his past Success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly;
And when no Devil had appear'd,
What else, it could be said, he fear'd?
It put him in so fierce a Rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage;
Tost like a Foot ball back again,
With *Shame, and Vengeance, and Disdain.*

Quoth he, *It was thy Cowardice*
That made me from this Leaguer rise;
And when I had half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base,
Was better cover'd by thy New
Arriv'd Detachment than I knew:
To slight my new Acquests, and run
Victoriously, from Battels won.

And reck'ning all I gain'd or loſt,
To ſell them cheaper than they coſt.
To make me put my ſelf to flight;
And Conqu'ring, run away by Night.
To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe,
Durſt never have preſum'd to do.
To mount me in the dark by force,
Upon the bare Ridge of my Horſe,
Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage,
Without my Arms and Equipage;
Leſt, if they ventur'd to purſue,
I might the unequal Fight renew;
And, to preſerve thy Outward Man,
Aſſum'd my Place, and led the Van.

All this, quoth Ralph, *I did, 'tis true,*
Not to preſerve my ſelf, but you.
You, who were damn'd to baſer Drubs,
Than Wretches feel in Powd'ring Tubs:

To mount two wheel'd Carroches, worſe
Than managing a Wooden Horſe:
Dragg'd out through ſtraiter Holes, by th' Ears,
Eras'd, or Coup'd for Perjurers.
Who, though the Attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had not reaſon to complain:
But ſince it proſper'd, 'tis unhandſome
To blame the Hand that paid your Ranſom;
And reſcued your obnoxious Bones
From unavoidable Battoons.
The Enemy was reinforc'd,
And we diſabl'd and unhors'd:
Diſarm'd, unqualifi'd for Fight;
And no way left, but haſty Flight.
Which, though as deſperate in the Attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.

But were our Bones in fit Condition
To re-inforce the Expedition,

'Tis now unſeaſonable, and vain,
To think of falling on again:
No Martial Project to ſurprize,
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor caſt deſign ſerve afterwards,
As Gameſters tear their loſing Cards.
Beſide, our bangs of Man and Beaſt
Are fit for nothing now but Reſt,
And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove ſerviceable:
And therefore I with reaſon chooſe
This Stratagem, t' amuſe our Foes,
To make an Honourable Retreat,
And wave a total ſure Defeat:
For, thoſe that fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain.
Hence timely Running's no mean part
Of Conduct, in the Martial Art.
By which ſome Glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens, by breaking, thrive.

And Cannons conquer Armies, while
They ſeem to draw off and recoyl.
Is held the gallanteſt Courſe, and braveſt,
To great Exploits, as well as ſafeſt:
That ſpares the Expence of time and pains,
And dangerous beating out of Brains.
And in the end prevails, as certain,
As thoſe that never truſt to Fortune;
But make their Fear do Execution
Beyond the ſtouteſt Reſolution;
As Earth-quakes kill, without a Blow,
And only trembling, overthrow.
If th' Ancients Crown'd their braveſt Men
That only ſav'd a Citizen,
What Victory could ere be won,
If ev'ry one would ſave but one?
Or Fight endanger'd to be loſt,
Where all reſolve to ſave the moſt?
By this means, when a Battel's won,
The War's as far from being done:

For

For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go halves, at least, in th' Victory:
And sometime, when their loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all:
Print new Additions to their Feats,
And Emendations in Gazettes;
And when, for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a Gun,
Have don't with Bone-fires, and at home,
Make Squibs and Crackers overcome.

To set the Rabble on a Flame,
And keep their Governors from Blame,
Disperse the News the Pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells:
And though reduc'd to that Extream,
They have been forc'd to sing Te Deum;
Yet, with Religious Blasphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a Lye,

And

And for their Beating, giving Thanks,
Th' have rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks;
For those who run from th' Enemy,
Engage them equally to fly.
And when the Fight becomes a Chace,
Those win the Day, that win the Race;
And that which would not pass in Fights,
Has done the Feat with ease Slights.
Recover'd many a desp'rate Campaign,
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy *and* Champagne.
Restor'd the fainting High and Mighty
With Brandy-Wine and Aqua-vitæ,
And made them stoutly overcome,
With Bachrach, Hoccamore and Mum,
Whom the uncontrol'd Degrees of Fate
To Victory necessitate.
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return:
Or else their Sultan-Populaces
Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.

Quoth

Quoth Hudibras, *I understand*
What Fights thou mean'st at Sea and Land;
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the day:
Although the Rabble souc'd them for't,
O'er Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.
'Tis true our Modern way of War
Is grown more politick by far,
But not so resolute and bold,
Nor ty'd to Honour, as the Old.
For, now they laugh at giving Battel,
Unless it be to Herds of Cattel:
Or fighting Convoys of Provision,
The whole design of th' Expedition,
And not with down-right blows to rout
The Enemy, but eat them out:
As fighting in all Beasts of Prey,
And Eating are perform'd one way,

To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their ſtubborn Guts to death,
And thoſe atchieve the high'ſt Renown,
That bring the other Stomachs down.
There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to Famine,
And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Deſign,
Surprize, and Stratagem, and Mine:
But have no need, nor uſe of Courage,
Unleſs it be for Glory, or Forage:
For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one ſide vent'ring to Advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i'th' Rere:
And forc'd with terrible reſiſtance,
To keep hereafter at a diſtance,
To pick out Ground to incamp upon
Where ſtore of largeſt Rivers run,
That ſerve inſtead of peaceful Barriers
To part th' Engagements of their Warriers.

Where both from side to side may skip,
And only encounter at Bo-peep:
For Men are found the stouter hearted,
The certainer th' are to be parted;
And therefore post themselves in Bogs,
As the ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs;
And made their mortal Enemy,
The Water-Rat, their great Ally.
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold;
But who bears Hunger best, and Cold:
And he's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving:
But he that routs most Pigs and Cows,
The formidablest Man of Prowess.
So, the Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British Sea;
Took Crabs and Oysters Prisoners,
And Lobsters, 'stead of Curassiers;
Engag'd his Legions in fierce Bustles,
With Periwinkles, Prawns and Muscles:

And

And led his Troops with furious Gallops,
To charge whole Regiments of Scallops;
Not like their ancient way of War,
To wait on his Triumphal Carr:
But when he went to Dine or Sup,
More bravely eat his Captives up;
And left all Wars by his Example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a Camp well.

Quoth Ralph, *By all that you have ſaid,*
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain, you cannot now do worſe,
Than take this out of faſhion'd courſe;
To hope by ſtratagem to woo her,
Or waging Battel to ſubdue her;
Though ſome have done it in Romances,
And hang'd them into amorous Fancies,
As thoſe, who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones:

And ſtout Rinaldo *gain'd his Bride*
By Courting of her Back and Side.
But ſince thoſe times and feats are over,
They are not for a Modern Lover:
When Miſtriſſes are too croſs-grain'd,
By ſuch Addreſſes to be gain'd:
And if they were, would have it out,
With many other kind of Bout.
Therefore I hold no Courſe ſo infecible
As this of force to win the Jezabel.
To ſtorm her heart, by th' Antick Charms
Of Ladies Errant, force of Arms;
But rather ſtrive by Law to win her,
And try the Title you have in her.
Your caſe is clear, you have her Word,
And me to witneſs the Accord.
Beſides two more of her Retinue,
To teſtifie what paſs'd between you;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold:

For

For which so many that renounc'd
Their plighted Contracts, have been trounc'd;
And Bills upon Record been found,
That forc'd the Ladies to compound,
And that unless I miss the matter,
Is all the business you look after:
Besides Encounters at the Bar,
Are braver now, than those in War,
In which the Law does Execution,
With less Disorder and Confusion:
Has more of Honour in't some hold,
Not like the New way, but the Old,
When those the Pen had drawn together,
Decided Quarrels with the Feather,
And winged Arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than Bullets now of Lead:
So all their Combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen.
That does the Feat, with braver Vigours,
In words at length, as well as Figures.

Is Judge of all the World performs
In voluntary Feats of Arms.
And whatsoe'ers atchieved in Fight,
Determines which is wrong or right;
For whether you Prevail or Lose,
All must be try'd there in the close.
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun,
What you must trust to, ere y' have done.

The Law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo;
That makes the most perfidious Lover,
A Lady, that's as safe, recover:
And if it judge upon your side,
Will soon extend her for your Bride,
And put her Person, Goods or Lands;
Or which you like best, int' your hands.

For Law's the Wisdom of all Ages,
And Manag'd by the ablest Sages,

Who

Who though their Busʼneſs at the Bar
Be but a kind of Civil War,
In which thʼingage with fiercer Dudgeons
Than eʼer the Grecians did and Trojans,
They never manage the Conteſt,
Tʼ impair their publick Intereſt;
Or by their Controverſies leſſen
The dignity of their profeſſion:
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common wealth, the Cauſe and Side,
And though wʼ are all as near of Kindred,
As thʼ outward Man is to the Inward;
We agree in nothing but to wrangle
About the ſlighteſt ſingle fangle,
While Lawyers have more ſober ſenſe,
Than tʼ argue at their own expence,
But make their beſt Advantages,
Of other quarrels, like the Swiſs,
And out of Foreign Controverſies,
By aiding both ſides, fill their Purſes:

But have no int'reſt in the Cauſe,
For which th' engage, and wage the Laws:
Nor further Proſpect than their Pay,
Whether they loſe or win the Day.
And though th' abounded in all Ages,
With ſundry learned Clerks, and Sages;
Though all their buſineſs be Diſpute,
With which they canvas every Suit;
Th' have no diſputes about their Art,
Nor in Polemicks controvert:
While all Profeſſions elſe are found,
With nothing but Diſputes t' abound:
Divines of all ſorts, and Phyſicians,
Philoſophers, Mathematicians;
The Galleniſt, and Paracelſian,
Condemn the way each other deals in.
Anatomiſts diſſect and mangle,
To cut themſelves out Work to wrangle;
Aſtrologers diſpute their Dreams,
That in their Sleeps they talk of Schemes;

And

And Heralds ſtickle, who got who,
So many hundred Years ago.

But Lawyers are too wiſe a Nation,
T' expoſe their Trade to Diſputation:
Or make the buſie Rabble Judges,
Of all their ſecret Piques, and Grudges:
In which whoever wins the day,
The whole Profeſſion's ſure to pay.

Beſide, no Mountebanks, nor Cheats
Dare undertake to do their Feats;
When in all other Sciences,
They ſwarm, like Inſects, and Increaſe:
For what Bigot durſt even draw,
By Inward Light, a Deed in Law?
Or could hold forth, by Revelation,
An Anſwer to a Declaration?
For thoſe that meddle with their Tools
Will cut their Fingers, if th' are Fools.

And

And if you follow their Advice,
In Bills, and Answers, and Replies:
They'll write a Love-Letter in Chancery
Shall bring her upon Oath to Answer ye,
And soon Reduce her to b' your Wife,
Or make her weary of her Life.

The *Knight* who us'd with *Tricks* and *Shifts*,
To Edifie by *Ralpho's Gifts*,
But in appearance cryed him down,
To make them better seem his own,
(All *Plagiary's* Constant Course
Of *sinking*, when they *take a Purse*)
Resolv'd to follow his Advice,
But kept it from him in disguise:
And after stubborn Contradiction,
To Counterfeit his own Conviction,
And by Transition, fall upon
The Resolution as his own.

Quoth

Quoth he; *This Gambol thou adviſeſt,*
Is of all others the unwiſeſt;
For if I think by Law to gain her,
There's nothing fillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence,
Where nothing's certain but th' Expence;
To Act againſt my ſelf, and Traverſe
My ſuit and Title to her favours.
And if ſhe ſhould, which Heaven forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the Fidler did;

What after-courſe have I to take,
'Gainſt loſing all I have at Stake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to Law to be Reliev'd,
Is fillier than a ſottiſh Chews,
Who when a Thief has Rob'd his houſe,
Applies himſelf to Cunning men,
To help him to his Goods again.

When

When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain:
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For to reduce her by main force,
Is now in vain; by fair means, worse:
But worst of all, to give her over,
Till she's as desp'rate to recover.
For bad Games are thrown up too soon,
Until th' are never to be won.
But since I have no other Course,
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse:
He that complies against his Will,
Is of his own Opinion still;
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For Reasons to himself best known:
But 'tis not to be avoided now,
For Sidrophel *resolves to sue,*
Whom I must answer, or begin
Inevitably, first with him.

For I've received Advertiſement,
By times enough of his intent;
And knowing, he that firſt complains,
Th' advantage of the buſineſs gains:
For Courts of Juſtice underſtand
The Plaintiff to be eldeſt hand;
Who what he pleaſes may averr,
The other nothing till he ſwear:
Is freely admitted to all Grace,
And Lawful Favour by his place:
And for his bringing Cuſtom in,
Has all Advantages to win.
I who reſolve to overſee
No lucky Opportunity,
Will go to Counſel, to adviſe
Which way t' encounter or ſurprize,
And after long conſideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occaſion;
Moſt apt, for what I have to do,
As Counſellor, and Juſtice too.

And truly ſo, no doubt, he was,
A Lawyer fit for ſuch a Caſe.

An *Old dull Sot*; wh' had told the Clock,
For many years at *Bridewell-dock*.
At *Weſtminſter*, and *Hickſes Hall*,
And *Hiccius-Dockſius* play'd in all;
Where in all *Governments, and Times*,
H' had been both *friend* and *foe* to Crimes;
And us'd two equal ways of gaining:
By *hindring Juſtice*, or maintaining:
To many a Whore *gave Privilege*,
And whip'd, for *want of Quarteridge*,
Cart-loads of Bauds to Priſon ſent,
For b'ing behind a Fortnights Rent.
And many a truſty *Pimp* and *Croney*,
To *Puddle dock*, for want of money.
Ingag'd the *Conſtable* to ſeize
All thoſe, that would not break the Peace;

Nor

Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes *Commoners, or Lords*:
And kept 'em Prisoners of Course,
For being *sober at ill hours*,
That in the Morning he might Free,
Or bind 'em over for his Fee.
Made *Monsters fine*, and *Puppet-plays*,
For leave to practise, in their ways:
Farm'd out all Cheats and went a share,
With th' *Headborough*, and *Scavenger*,
And made the Dirt 'ith' Streets Compound,
For taking up the Publick Ground:
The *Kennel*, and *the King's High way*,
For being unmolested; Pay.
Let out *the Stocks*, and *Whipping Post*,
And Cage, to those that gave him most;
Impos'd a Tax on *Bakers Ears*,
And for *False Weights* on *Chandelers*.
Made *Victuallers*, and *Vintners Fine*
For Arbitrary *Ale*, and *Wine*.

But

But was a kind and constant Friend
To all that *Regularly* offend:
As *Residentiary Bawds*,
And *Brokers that receive stoll'n Goods*;
That cheat in *Lawful Mysteries*,
And pay *Church-duties*, and *his Fees*;
But was implacable and auker'd
To all that *Interlop'd, and Hawker'd*.

To this brave Man, the Knight repairs
For Counsel, in his *Law-affairs*;
And found him mounted, *in his Pew*,
With *Books*, and *Money* plac'd, for shew,
Like *Nest eggs*, to make *Clients lay*
And for his false Opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,
Put off his Hat, to put his Case:
Which he as proudly entertain'd,
As th' other courteously strain'd.

And to assure him, 'twas not that,
He look'd for; Bid him put on's Hat.

Quoth he there is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgel'd —— Very well.
And now he brags, t' have beaten me.
Better and better still quoth he.
And vows to stick me to a Wall
Where e'er he meets me —— *best of all.*
'Tis true, the Knave has taken's Oath,
That I rob'd him —— *Well done in troth.*
When h' has confest, he stole my Cloak,
And pic'k my Fob, and, what he took,
Which was the cause, that made me bang him,
And take my Goods again —— *marry hang him?*
Now whether I should, before hand
Swear he rob'd me? I understand,
Or bring my Action of Conversion
And Trover for my Goods? Ah Whorson.

Or if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his Trial? ——— Right.
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' State against him? ——— True.
Or whether he that is Defendant
In this Case, has the better end on't;
Who putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse th' Action ——— better still.
Then there's a Lady too. ——— I marry,
That's easily prov'd accessary.
A Widow, who by solemn Vows,
Contracted to me, for my Spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all ——— Good Lord,
Suborn'd the aforesaid Sidrophel,
To tamper with the Devil of Hell.
Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my Life, ——— make that appear,
Made an Assault, with Fiends and Men
Upon my body. ——— Good agen.

And

And kept me in a deadly fright
And falſe Impriſonment all Night,
Mean while, they rob'd me, and my Horſe,
And ſtole my Saddle,——worſe and worſe;
And made me mount upon the bare-ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miſcarriage.

Sir, quoth the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as Good, and Fair a Battery,
As heart can wiſh, and need not ſhame,
The proudeſt Man alive to claim:
For if th' have us'd you, as you ſay,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy.
I would it were my Caſe, I'd give,
More than I'll ſay, or you'll believe.
I would ſo trounce her, and her Purſe,
I'ld make her kneel for better or worſe;
For Matrimony, and Hanging here,
Both go by deſtiny ſo clear,

That you as sure, may Pick and Choose,
As cross I win, and Pile you loose.
And if I durst, I would advance
As much in Ready Maintenance,
As upon any Case I've known;
But we that practise dare not own,
The Law severely contrabands
Our taking business off Mens hands;
'Tis Common barratry, that bears
Point blank an Action 'gainst our Ears,
And crops them, till there is not Leather
To stick a Pin in, left of either;
For which, some do the Summer-sault,
And o'er the Bar, like Tumblers, vault.
But you may swear at any rate
Things not in Nature, for the State:
For in all Courts of Justice here
A Witness is not said to swear,
But make Oath, that it, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms:

(*I than*

(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat———)
For Justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side enclin'd,
Like charity, else right, and wrong,
Could never hold it out so long,
And like blind Fortune, with a slight,
Conveys Mens Interest, and Right,
From Stile's Pocket, into Nokes's:
As easily as Hocus Pocus,
Plays fast and loose, Makes Men Obnoxious,
And clear again, like Hiccius Doctius.
Then whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your Wife:
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters Pass,
The Business to the Law's alone,
The proof is all it look's upon.
And you can want no Witnesses,
To swear to any thing you please.

That hardly get their meer expences
By th' Labor of their Conſciences,
Or letting out to hire their Ears,
To Affidavit Cuſtomers:
At inconſiderable values,
To ſerve for Jury-men, or Tallies,
Although retain'd in th' hardeſt matters,
Of Truſtees, and Adminiſtrators:
For that, quoth he, *let me alone,*
W' have ſtore of ſuch, and all our own;
Bred up and tutor'd, by our Teachers,
The ableſt of Conſcience ſtretchers.
That's well! Quoth he, *But I ſhould gueſs,*
By weighing of Advantages,
Your ſureſt way is firſt to Pitch
On Bongey, *for a Water-witch:*
And when y' have hang'd the Conjurer,
T' have time enough to deal with her.
In th' Intrim, ſpare for no Trapans,
To draw her Neck, into the Banes:

Ply

Ply her with Love-Letters, and Billets,
And Bait 'em well, for Quirks, and Quillets,
With Trains t' inveigle and surprise,
Her Heedless Answers, and Replies:
And if she miss the Mousetrap Lines,
They'll serve for other By-Designs:
And make an Artist understand,
To Copy out her Seal, or Hand:
Or find void Places in the Paper,
To steal in something to Intrap her.
'Till with her worldly Goods, and Body,
Spight of heart, she has indow'd ye.

Retain all sorts of Witnesses,
That ply i'th' Temples, under trees;
Or walk the Round, with Knights o' th' Posts:
About the Cross-leg'd Knights, their hosts,
Or wait for Customers, between
The Pillar-Rows in Lincolns-Inn.

Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bayl,
And Affidavit-men, ne'er fail
T' expose to Sale all sorts of Oaths,
According to their Ears, and Cloaths,
Their only Neceſſary Tools,
Beſides the Goſpel, and their Souls.
And when y' are furniſh'd with all Purveys,
I ſhall be ready, at your ſervice.

I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
A ſtraw to underſtand a Caſe,
Without the admirable skill
To Wind, and Manage it at Will:
To Vere, and Tack, and ſteer a Cauſe,
Againſt the Weather gage of Laws;
And Ring the Changes upon Caſes,
As plain, as Noſes upon Faces.
As you have well inſtructed me
For which you have earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee,

I long to practise your advice,
And try the subtle Artifice:
To bait a Letter as you bid,
As not long after, thus he did,
For having pump'd up all his Wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he Writ,

An Heroical Epistle of Hudibras *to his Lady.*

I Who was once as great as *Cæsar*,
Am now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezzar*.
And from as fam'd a Conqueror,
As ever took degree in War,
Or did his *Exercise in Battel*,
By you turn'd out to *Grass with Cattel*.
For since I am deny'd access
To all my Earthly Happiness;

Am

Am fallen from the *Paradise*
Of your good *Graces*, and fair *Eyes*:
Lost to the World, and you, I'm sent
To everlasting Banishment;
Where all the *Hopes* I had t' *have won*
Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your doom, before you hear,
You'll find, upon my just defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my Innocence.
That once I made a *Vow to you*,
Which yet is unperform'd *'tis true*;
But not, because it is unpaid,
'Tis *Violated*, though *delay'd*:
Or if it were, it is no fault
So heinous, as you'ld have it thought,
To undergo the loss of Ears,
Like vulgar *Hackney Perjurers*,
For there's a difference in the case
Between the *Noble*, and the *Base*:

Who

Who always are obſerv'd t' have don't,
Upon as different an account:
The one for *great, and weighty Cauſe,*
To ſalve in Honour *ugly Flaws.*
For none are like to do it ſooner,
Than thoſe, who 're niceſt of their Honour,
The other, for *baſe Gain,* and *Pay,*
Forſwear, and *Perjure, by the Day;*
And make th' expoſing, and retailing
Their Souls, and Conſciences, a Calling.

It is no *Scandal,* nor *Aſperſion,*
Upon a *Great and noble Perſon,*
To ſay, he Nat'rally abhor'd
Th' old faſhion'd trick, to keep his Word;
Though 'tis perfidiouſneſs, and ſhame,
In meaner Men, to do the ſame.
For to be able to *Forget,*
Is found more uſeful, to *the Great,*

Than

Than *Gout*, or *Deafness*, or *bad Eyes*,
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.
But though the *Law*, on Perjurers,
Inflicts the *Forfeiture of Ears*;
It is not *just*, that does exempt
The *Guilty, and punish the innocent*,
To make the Ears repair the wrong,
Committed by th' *ungovern'd Tongue*;
And when one Member is forsworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you should, as you design,
By course of Law recover mine;
You're like, if you consider right,
To gain but little Honour by't.
For he that for his Ladies sake
Lays down his Life, or Limbs at *Stake*,
Does not so much deserve her Favour,
As he, *that pawns his Soul* to have her.
This y'have acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now disdain to own:

But

But sentence, what you rather ought
T' esteem *good Service*, than a *Fault*.
Besides, Oaths are not bound to bear
That *Literal Sence* the words infer,
But by the practice of the Age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage.
And where the Sence by Custom's checkt,
Are found *void, and of none effect*.
For no Man takes, or keeps a vow,
But just as he sees others do,
Nor are th' obliged to be so brittle,
As not to yield, and bow a little,
For as the best temper'd Blades are found
Before they break, to bend quite round;
So truest Oaths are still most tough,
And though they *bow, are breaking proof*.
Then wherefore should they not b'allow'd
In love a greater Latitude?
For as the Law of Arms approves
All ways to Conquests, so *should Loves*;

And

And not be ty'd to true or false,
But make that justest, that prevails.

For how can that which is above
All Empire, *High and Mighty Love*,
Submit its great Prerogative,
To any other power alive?
Shall Love, that to no Crown gives place
Become the Subject of a Case?
The *Fundamental Law of Nature*,
Be over-rul'd by those made after?
Commit the censure of *its Cause*
To any, but its own *Great Laws*?
Love, that's the Worlds preservative,
That keeps all Souls of things alive,
Controuls the *Mighty pow'r of Fate*,
And gives Mankind a longer date.
The Life of Nature that restores,
As fast as *Time*, and *Death* devours,

To whose free gift, the World does owe
Not only Earth but Heaven too:
For Love's the only Trade that's driven
The *Interest of State in Heaven,*
Which nothing but the Soul of Man,
Is capable to entertain.
For what can Earth produce, but *Love*
To represent the *Joys above?*
Or who, *but Lovers, can converse,*
Like Angels, by the Eye Discourse?
Address, and compliment by vision,
Make Love, and Court by intuition?
And burn in amorous Flames as fierce,
As those Celestial Ministers?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to so *great an end?*
Or Heav'n it self a Sin resent,
That for its own supply was meant?
That merits in a kind mistake,
A Pardon for the offences sake.

Or

Or if it did not, but the *Cause*
Were left to th' injury *of Laws*,
What tyranny can disapprove
There should be *Equity* in Love?
For Laws, that are Inanimate
And feel no sense of Love, or Hate:
That have no Passion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge on Criminals, as strict:
But to have *Power to forgive*,
Is Empire, and Prerogative;
And 'tis in *Crowns, a nobler Gem,*
To grant a Pardon, than condemn.
Then since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great t'indulge a well meant fault.
For why should he, who made address
All humble ways, without success:
And met with nothing in return,
But Insolence, Affronts, and Scorn,

Not

Not ſtrive by Wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his deſign;
He who was us'd ſo unlike a Soldier,
Blown up with *Philters of Love Powder*;
And after *letting blood and Purging*,
Condemn'd to *voluntary Scourging*;
Alarm'd with many a horrid Fright,
And claw'd, by *Goblins*, in the Night;
Inſulted on, Revil'd and Jeer'd,
With rude Invaſion of his Beard;
And when your Sex was foully ſcandled,
As foully by the Rabble handled;
Attack'd by deſpicable Foes,
And drub'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And after all, to be debarr'd
So much as ſtanding on his Guard;
When Horſes being *ſpurr'd* and *prick'd*,
Have leave to *kick* for being *kick'd*;

Or why should you, whose *Mother Wits*
Are furnish'd with all Perquisits;
That with your *Breeding Teeth* begin,
And *Nursing Babies*, that *Lie in*;
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our *Cully-Sex*, and we use none?
We, who have nothing but frail Vows,
Against your Stratagems t' oppose?
Or Oaths, more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down?
You wound, like *Parthians*, while you fly,
And kill, with a *Retreating Eye*;
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into Ambushes.
As *Pyrats* all false Colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary Mariner:
So Women, to surprize us, spread
Their *borrowed Flags of White and Red.*

Dis-

Display 'em thicker on their Cheeks,
Than their old Grandmothers, *the Pikes*:
And raise more Devils *with their Looks*,
Than *Conjurers less subtil Books*;
Lay Trains of *Amorous Intrigues*,
In *Towrs, and Curls, and Periwigs*,
With greatest Art, and cunning rear'd,
Than *Philip Nye's Thanks-giving-beard*,
Prepost'rously t' intice, and Gain,
Those to adore 'em they disdain:
And only draw 'em in, to clog
With idle Names, a Catalogue.

A Lover is, the more he's brave
T' his Mistris, but the more a Slave,
And whatsoever she commands,
Becomes a Favour from her hands;
Which he's oblig'd to obey and must,
Whether it be unjust, or just.

Then when he is compell'd by her
T' Adventures, he would else forbear,
Who, with his Honour, can withstand,
Since Force is greater than Command?
And when necessity's obey'd
Nothing can be unjust or bad:
And therefore, when the mighty Pow'rs
Of Love, *our great Allie, and yours*,
Joyn'd Forces, not to be withstood
By frail enamoured Flesh and Blood;
All I have done unjust or ill
Was in obedience to your Will:
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your cruelty and you.

Nor are those Scandals I confest,
Against my Will, and Interest,
More than is daily done of course
By all Men, when th' are under force.

Whence

Whence ſome, upon the Rack, confeſs
What th' *Hang-man and their Prompters pleaſe.*
But are no ſooner out of pain
Than they deny it all again.
But when the Devil turns Confeſſor,
Truth is a Crime, he takes no pleaſure
To hear, or pardon, like the *Founder*
Of Lyars, whom they all claim under.
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiſer done.
Nor am I without Precedent,
The firſt that on th' Adventure went:
All Mankind ever did of courſe,
And daily does the ſame, or worſe.
For what *Romance* can ſhew a Lover,
That had a *Lady to recover,*
And did not ſteer a nearer Courſe,
To fall aboard in his Amours?
And what at firſt was held a Crime,
Has turn'd to Honourable in time.

To what a height did *Infant Rome*,
By Raviſhing of Women come?
When Men upon their Spouſes ſiez'd,
And freely Marry'd where they pleas'd:
They ne'er *Forſwore* themſelves nor *Ly'd*,
Nor in the Minds they were in, *Dy'd*:
Nor took the pains t' *addreſs* and *ſue*,
Nor plaid the Maſquerade to wooe.
Diſdain'd to ſtay for Friends Conſents,
Nor juggled about Settlements:
Did need no *Licence*, nor no *Prieſt*,
Nor Friends, nor Kindred to aſſiſt;
Nor Lawyers, to *join Land, and Money*,
In th' *Holy State of Matrimony*:
Before they ſetled Hands and Hearts,
Till *Alimony*, or *Death departs*:
Nor would endure to ſtay until
Th' had got the very *Bride's* Good Will.

But

But took a wiſe and ſhorter Courſe,
To win the Ladies, *Down-right Force*,
And juſtly made 'em Priſoners then,
As they have often ſince, us Men:
With *Acting Plays*, and *Dancing Jiggs*,
The luckieſt of all Love's intrigues:
And when they had them at their pleaſure,
Then talk'd of *Love*, *and Flames*, at leiſure.
For, after *Matrimony's* over,
He that holds out but *Half a Lover*,
Deſerves for ev'ry *Minute*, *more*
Than *half a Year* of Love before:
For which the Dames, in Contemplation
Of that beſt way of Application,
Prov'd Nobler Wives than e'er were known,
By *Suit*, or *Treaty*, to be won:
And ſuch as all Poſterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.

For Women first were made for Men,
Not Men for them.——It follows then,
That Men have Right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own:
And therefore Men have pow'r to chuse,
But they no Charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent, that what Course
So e'er we take to *your Amours*,
Though by the indirectest way,
'Tis no *Injustice*, nor *Foul Play*.
And that you ought to take that Course,
As we take you, *for Bett'r or worse*;
And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another, chose:
For why should every Savage Beast
Exceed his *Great Lord's Interest*?
Have freer Pow'r, than he, in *Grace*,
And Nature, o'er the Creature has?

Because

Becauſe the Laws he ſince has made
Have cut off all the Pow'r he had;
Retrench'd the abſolute Dominion,
That Nature gave him, over Women,
When all his Pow'r will not extend,
One *Law of Nature* to ſuſpend:
And but to offer to repeal
The ſmalleſt Clauſe, is to rebel.
This, if Men rightly underſtood
Their Privilege, they would make good;
And not, like Sots, permit their Wives,
T' encroach on their Prerogatives.
For which Sin they deſerve to be
Kept, as they are, in Slavery.
And this, ſome precious *Gifted Teachers*
Unrev'rently reputed *Leathers*;
And diſobey'd in making Love,
Have vow'd to all the World, to prove
And make ye ſuffer, as ye ought,
For that uncharitable Fault.

But,

But, I forget my self and rove
Beyond th' Instructions of my Love,
Forgive me (*Fair*) and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my *Flame*,
Since 'tis too much, at once to shew
Excess of Love and Temper too.
All I have said that's *bad, and true*,
Was never meant to aim *at you*;
Who have so Sov'rein a Controul
O'er that poor Slave of yours, *my Soul*:
That rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd *loss of Heaven* too,
Both with an equal Pow'r possest,
To render all that serve you blest:
But none like him, who's destin'd, either
To *have*, or *lose* you, both together.
And if you'll but this fault release
(For so it must be, since you please,)

I'll

I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,
Which you *commanded*, and I *swore*,
And expiate upon my Skin,
The Arrears in full of all my Sin.
For, 'tis but just, that I should pay
Th' accruing Penance for Delay,
Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity, and your Love.

The *Knight*, perusing *this Epistle*,
Believ'd h' had brought her to *his Whistle*;
And read it, like a jocund Lover,
With great Applause t' himself, twice over;
Subscrib'd his *Name*, but at a Fit,
And humble distance, *to his wit*:
And dated it with wondrous Art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart:
Then seal'd it with his *Coat of Love*
A smoaking Faggot —— and above

Upon

Upon a Scroll——*I burn, and weep,*
And near it——*For her Ladyſhip;*
Of all her Sex, moſt excellent,
Theſe to her gentle Hands preſent.
Then gave it to his Faithful Squire,
With Leſſons how t' obſerve and eye her.

She firſt conſider'd which was better,
To ſend it back, or burn the Letter:
But, gueſſing that it might import,
Though nothing elſe, at leaſt, her Sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a ſmile, and leering Flout:
Reſolv'd to anſwer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what ſhe deſign'd.

The

THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.

THat you're a *Beaſt*, and turn'd to *Graſs*,
Is no ſtrange News, nor ever was;
At leaſt, to me, who once, you know,
Did from the Pound *Replevin you.*
When both your *Sword, and Spurs*, were won
In Combat, by an *Amazon*;
That Sword, that did (like Fate) determine
Th' Inevitable Death of Vermine;
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the Threds of *Pigs and Cows*;
By *Trulla* was, in *ſingle Fight*,
Diſarm'd and wreſted *from its Knight.*

Your

Your Heels *Degraded* of your Spurs,
And in the Stocks close prisoners;
Where still th' had Lain in base Restraint,
If I, in pity of your Complaint,
Had not on Honourable Conditions,
Releast 'em from the worst of Prisons,
And what Return that favour met,
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When being free, you strove t' evade
The Oaths you had in Prison made:
Forswore your self, and first deny'd it;
But after own'd, and justify'd it:
And when y' had safely broke one *Vow*,
Absolv'd your self by *breaking two*.
For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for Pardon at our Feet:
Discourag'd by your guilty Fears,
To hope for Quarter, for your *Ears*.
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due.

De-

Declare that Treachery and Force
To deal with us is th' only Courſe.
Who have no Title nor Pretence,
To *Body, Soul or Conſcience*:
But ought to fall to that Man's ſhare,
That claims us for his proper Ware.
Theſe are the Motives, which t' induce,
Or fright us into Love, you uſe,
A pretty new way of *Gallanting*,
Between *Soliciting* and *Ranting*;
Like ſturdy Beggars, that intreat
For *Charity* at once, and *threat*.
But ſince you undertake to prove
Your own Propriety in Love,
As if we were but *Lawful Prize*
In *War*, between two Enemies;
Or *Forfeitures*, which ev'ry Lover
That would but ſue for, might recover,
It is not hard to underſtand
The *Myſt'ry* of this Bold Demand:

That

That cannot at our Persons aim,
But something capable of Claim.
'Tis not *those paultry counterfeit*
French Stones, which in our Eyes you set,
But our *Right Diamonds*, that inspire,
And set your Amorous Hearts on fire.
Nor can those false St. *Martins Beads*,
Which on our Lips you lay *for Reds*;
And make us wear, like *Indian Dames*,
Add Fewel to your Scorching Flames.
But those true Rubies of the Rock,
Which, in our Cabinets we Lock.
'Tis not those Orient Pearls, our Teeth,
That you are so transported with:
But those we wear about our Necks,
Produce those Amorous Effects.
Nor is't those Threads of Gold, our *Hair*,
The *Perriwigs you make us wear*:
But those bright Guinnea's in our Chests,
That light the Wild Fire in your Breasts.

These Love tricks I've been vers'd in so,
That all their sly *Intrigues* I know,
And can unriddle, by *their Tones*,
Their *Mystick Cabals, and Jargones.*
Can tell what passions, by their Sounds,
Pine for the Beauties of my Grounds.
What Raptures fond, and Amorous
O' th' *Charms* and *Graces* of my House.
What *Ecstacy*, and *Scorching Flame*
Burns for my *Money*, *in my Name.*
What from th' unnatural desire
To *Beasts* and Cattel, take its fire.
What *tender Sigh*, and *trickling Tear*,
Longs for a *thousand Pound a Year*,
And Languishing Transports are fond
Of *Statute*, *Mortgage*, *Bill and Bond.*
These are th' Attracts which most Men fall
Inamour'd, at first sight, withal.
To these th' address with *Serenades*,
And Court with *Balls* and *Masquerades*;

And yet, for all the yearning Pain
Y' have ſuffer'd for their Loves, in vain:
I fear they'll prove ſo nice and coy,
To *have and t' hold, and to enjoy*;
That all *your Oaths*, and *Labour loſt*,
They'll ne'er turn *Ladies of the Poſt*.
This is not meant to diſapprove
Your Judgment in your Choice of Love;
Which is ſo wiſe, the greateſt part
Of Mankind ſtudy't as an Art.
For Love ſhould, *like a Deodand*,
Still fall to th' *owner of the Land*:
And where there's Subſtance, for its Ground
Cannot but be more firm, and ſound,
Than that which has the ſlighter Baſis
Of *Airy Vertue, Wit and Graces*:
Which is of ſuch thin Subtilty,
It ſteals and creeps in at the Eye.
And, as it can't endure to ſtay,
Steals out again *as nice away*.

But

But Love, that its Extraction owns
From ſolid *Gold, and precious Stones*;
Muſt, like its ſhining Parents prove
As *Solid*, and as *Glorious Love*.
Hence 'tis, you have no way t' expreſs
Our *Charms* and *Graces*, but by theſe:
For, what are *Lips*, and *Eyes*, and *Teeth*,
Which *Beauty* invades, and *conquers* with?
But *Rubies*, *Pearls* and *Diamonds*,
With which a *Philter Love Commands*?
This is the way all Parents prove,
In imagining their Childrens Love;
That force 'em 't *inter-marry and wed*,
As if th' were *Bur'ing of the Dead*.
Caſt *Earth to Earth*, as in the *Grave*,
To joyn in Wedlock all they have.
And when the Settlement's in force,
Take all the reſt, *For Better, or Worſe*;
For Money has a Power above
The *Stars* and *Fate*, to manage *Love*:

Whose Arrows, Learned Poets hold,
That never miss, are *tipp'd with Gold.*
And though some say, the Parents claims
To make Love in their Children's Names;
Who, many times, at once, provide
The *Nurse, the Husband, and the Bride.*
Feel *Darts and Charms, Attracts and Flames;*
And *woo, and contract, in their Names,*
And as they *Christen,* use to marry 'em:
And, like their *Gossips,* answer for 'em:
Is not to give in Matrimony;
But sell and *prostitute* for Money.
'Tis better than their own Betrothing,
Who often do't for worse than nothing.
And when th' are at their own Dispose,
With greater disadvantage chuse.
All this is right! But for the Course
You take to do't, by Fraud, or Force:
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done.

No

No more than *Setters can betray*,
That tell what *Tricks* they are to play.
Marriage, at beſt, is but a Vow;
Which all Men either *break*, or *bow*:
Then what will thoſe forbear to do,
Who *perjure*, when they do but *woo*?
Such as, beforehand, *ſwear and lye*,
For *Earneſt* to their Treachery:
And, rather than a Crime confeſs,
With greater ſtrive to make it leſs:
Like Thieves, who, after Sentence paſt,
Maintain their Innocence to the laſt.
And when their Crimes were made appear
As plain as Witneſſes can ſwear;
Yet, when the Wretches come to die,
Will take upon their Deaths a Lye.
Nor are the Vertues, you confeſt
T' your *Ghoſtly Father*, as you gueſt,
So ſlight, as to be juſtifi'd,
By being, as ſhameſully, deny'd.

As if you thought your Word would pass
Point-blank, on both sides, of a Case,
Or Credit were not to be lost,
B'a *Brave Knight Errant of the Post*,
That *eats*, perfidiously, his *Word*,
And *swears his Ears through a two Inch Board*:
Can own the same thing, and disown;
And perjure Booty, *Pro and Con*:
Can make the *Gospel* serve his turn,
And help him out to be forsworn;
When 'tis *laid hands upon, and kiss'd,*
To be betray'd, and sold, like Christ.

These are the Vertues, in whose Name,
A Right to all the World you claim:
And boldly challenge a Dominion,
In *Grace* and *Nature*, o'er all Women.
Of whom, no less will satisfie
Than all the Sex, your Tyranny.
Although you'll find it a hard Province,
With all your crafty Frauds and Covins,

To

To govern ſuch a numerous Crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you:
For if you all were *Solomons*,
And *Wiſe* and *Great* as he was once;
You'll find th' are able to ſubdue,
(*As they did him*) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own Temptation done:
That with your Ignorance invite,
And teach us how to uſe the ſlight.
For, when we find y' are ſtill more taken
With falſe Attracts of our own making;
Swear that's a *Roſe*, and that a *Stone*,
Like Sots to us that laid it on:
And what we did but ſlightly prime,
Moſt ignorantly daub in Rhime:
You force us in our own Defences,
To *copy Beams* and *Influences*;
To lay *Perfections* on the *Graces*,
And draw *Attracts* upon our Faces:

And, in compliance to your Wit,
Your own false Jewels counterfeit.
For, by the practice of those Arts,
We gain a greater share of Hearts:
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost;
For, great Perfections are like Heav'n,
Too rich a Present to be given.
Nor are those *Master-strokes of Beauty*
To be perform'd without *hard Duty*.
Which, when th' are nobly done, and well,
The simple Natural excell.

How fair and sweet *the planted Rose*,
Beyond the *Wild* in Hedges grows?
For, without Art, the Noblest Seeds
Of Flowers degenerate to Weeds:
How dull and rugged e'er 'tis Ground,
And Polish'd, looks a Diamond?
Though *Paradise* was e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without Care.

The whole World, without *Art* and *Dreſs*,
Would be but one great *Wilderneſs*;
And Mankind but a Savage Herd,
For all that Nature has conferr'd.
This does but *Rough-hew*, and *Deſign*,
Leave *Art* to *Poliſh*, and *Refine*.

Though Women firſt were made for Men,
Yet Men were made for them agen:
For when (*out-witted by his Wife*)
Man firſt turn'd *Tenant*, but *for Life*.
If Women had not interven'd,
How ſoon had Mankind had an end?
And that it is in *Being* yet,
To us alone, you are in *Debt*.
Then where's your liberty of Choice,
And our unnatural No-voice?
Since all the *Privilege* you *boaſt*,
And falſly *uſurp'd*, or *vainly loſt*,
Is now our Right; to *whoſe Creation*,
You owe your *Happy Reſtoration*.

And

And if we had not weighty Cause
To not appear in making Laws,
We could, in spight of all your *Tricks*,
And *Shallow*, *Formal Politicks*,
Force you, our *Managements* t' obey,
As we to yours (in shew) give way.
Hence 'tis, that while you vainly strive
T' advance your *high Prerogative*,
You basely, after all your Braves,
Submit, and own your selves our Slaves.
And 'cause we do not make it known.
Nor publickly our Int'rests own;
Like Sots, suppose we have no shares
In *ord'ring you*, and *your Affairs*:
When all your Empire and Command
You have from us at *Second Hand*.
As if a *Pilot*, that appears
To sit still only, while he steers:
And does not make a noise and stir,
Like every common *Mariner*:

Knew

Knew nothing of the *Card*, nor *Star*;
And did not guide the *Man of War*.
Nor we, becauſe we don't appear
In *Councils*, do not govern there.
While like the mighty *Preſter John*,
Whoſe Perſon none dares look upon;
But is preſerv'd in *Cloſe Diſguiſe*
From being made *cheap* to *vulgar Eyes*,
W' enjoy as large a Pow'r unſeen,
To *govern him*, as *he does* Men:
And, in the Right of our *Pope Joan*,
Make *Emp'rors* at our feet fall down.
Or *Joan the Pucel*'s braver Name,
Our Right to *Arms* and *Conduct* claim.
Who, though a *Spinſter*, yet was able,
To ſerve *France* for a *Grand Conſtable*.
We make and execute *all Laws*;
Can *judge the Judges*, and the *Cauſe*.
Preſcribe all Rules of *Right* or *Wrong*,
To th' *Long Robe*, and the *Longer Tongue*:

'Gainſt

'Gainſt which the World *has no Defence*,
But our more *pow'rful Eloquence*.
We manage things of greateſt weight
In all the World's *Affairs of State*.
Are Miniſters of War and Peace,
That ſway *all Nations* how they pleaſe.
We rule *all Churches*, and *their Flocks*,
Heretical, and Orthodox.
And are the *Heavenly Vehicles*
O' th' *Spirit, in all Conventicles*.
By us is all *Commerce* and *Trade*
Improv'd and *Manag'd*, and *Decay'd*.
For nothing can go off ſo well,
Nor bears that Price, *as what we ſell*.
We rule in ev'ry *Publick Meeting*,
And make Men do what we judge fitting:
Are Magiſtrates in all great *Towns*;
Where Men do nothing, but *wear Gowns*.
We make the *Man of War ſtrike Sail*,
And to our braver Conduct *vail*.

And,

And, when h' has chac'd his Enemies,
Submit to us upon his Knees.
Is there an *Officer of State*,
Untimely raiſ'd, or *Magiſtrate*,
That's *Haughty, and Imperious?*
He's but a *Journy man* to us.
That as he gives us cauſe to do't,
Can *keep him in*, or *turn him out!*

We are your *Guardians*, that *increaſe*,
Or *Waſte* your Fortunes, how we pleaſe.
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your Matters, *ill or well.*

'Tis we that can diſpoſe alone,
Whether your *Heirs* ſhall be your *own.*
To whoſe Integrity you muſt,
In ſpight of all your Caution, truſt.
And 'leſs you *fly beyond the Seas*,
Can fit you with what Heirs we pleaſe:
And force you t' own 'em, though begotten
By *French Valets*, or *Iriſh Foot-men.*

Nor can the rigorouſeſt Courſe
Prevail, unleſs to make us worſe.
Who, ſtill the harſher we are us'd,
Are further off from being reduc'd:
And ſcorn t' abate, for any Ills,
The leaſt *Punctilio of our Wills.*
Force does but whet our Wits to apply
Arts, born with us, for Remedy:
Which all your Politicks, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat,
For, when y' have try'd *all ſorts of ways,*
What Fools d' we make of you in Plays?
While all the Favours we afford
Are but to girt you with the Sword,
To fight our Battels in our ſtead,
And have your Brains beat out o' your Heads:
Encounter in deſpight of Nature;
And fight at once with Fire and Water,
With Pyrates, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas,
Our Pride and Vanity t' appeaſe.

Kill

Kill one another, and cut Throats,
For our good Graces, and best Thoughts;
To do your Exercise for Honour,
And have your Brains beat out the sooner;
Or crack'd, as Learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known:
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your Projects are prepostrous,
To square the Circle of the Arts;
And run stark mad to shew your Parts.
Expound the Oracle of Laws,
And turn them which way we see Cause.
Be our Solicitors, and Agents,
And stand for us in all Engagements.
And these are all the *Mighty Powers,*
You vainly boast, to cry down ours.
And what in real Value's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and Ranting:
Because your selves are terrify'd,
And stoop to one another's Pride:

Believe

Believe we have as little Wit
To be *Out-fought*, and *Submit*:
By your *Example*, lose that Right
In *Treaties*, which we gain'd in *Fight*:
And terrify'd into an Awe,
Pass on our selves a *Salick Law*,
Or, as some Nations use, give place,
And truckle to *your Mighty* Race:
Let Men usurp th' unjust Dominion,
As if they were *the better Women*.

FINIS.

Wm Macmath
10th November 1874.